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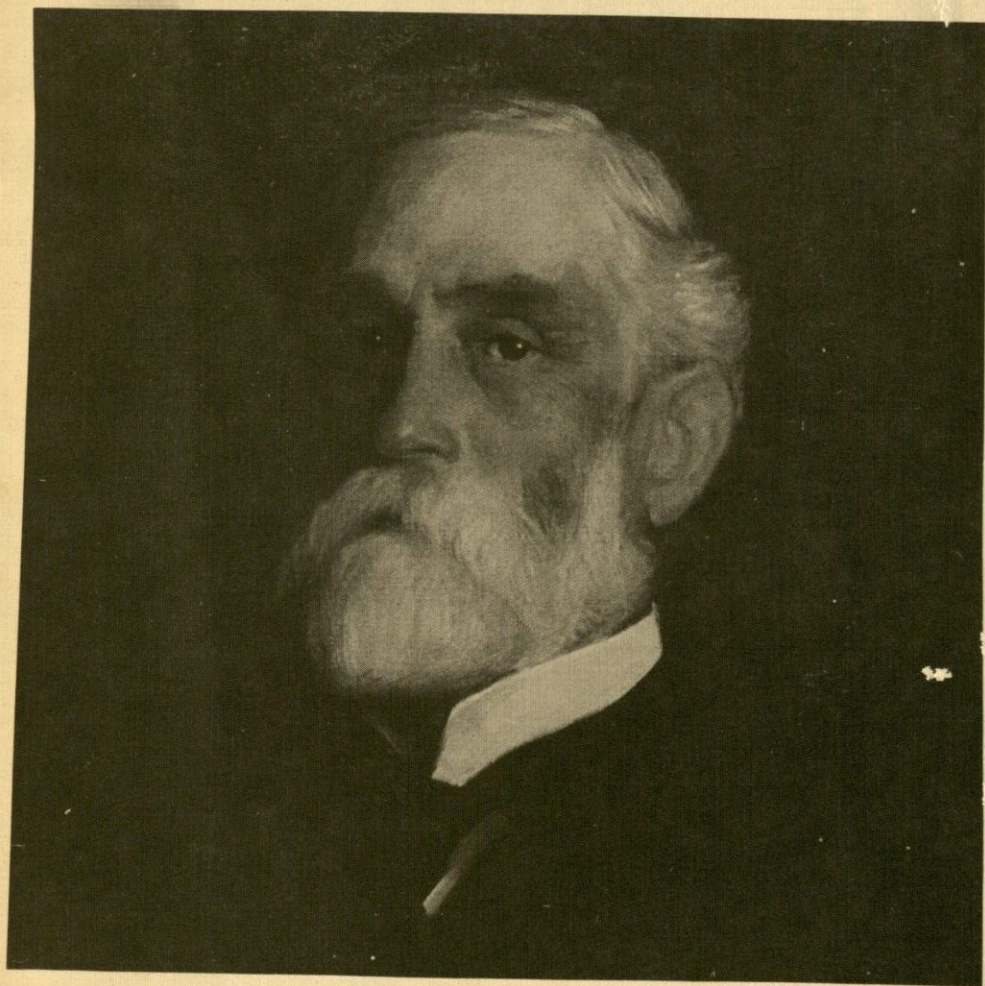
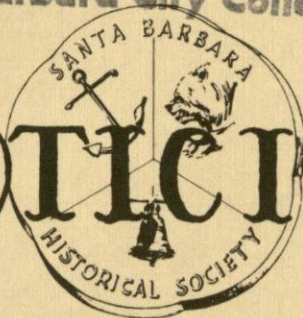
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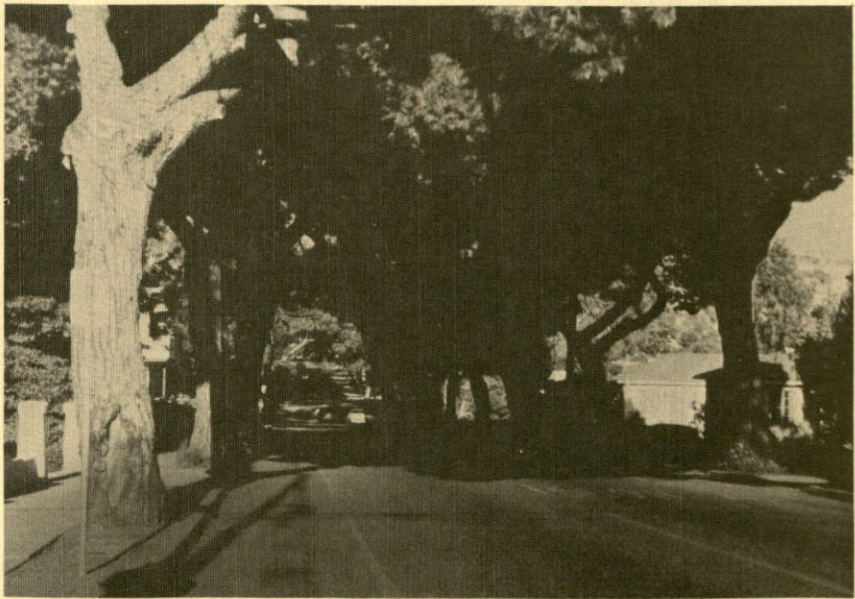
Portrait of Dr. A. Boyd Doremus by Robert Wagner, c1906 at the S. B. Historical Society, photographed by Maria Ealand.





Anapamu Street east from Olive, 1922

S.B. Dept. of Public Works



Anapamu Street east from Olive, 1980

Edith G. Wilson



# *Dr. A. Boyd Doremus*

## *"The Father of Santa Barbara's Parks"*

By Edith G. Wilson\*

In early March of 1902 the mayor of Santa Barbara, George S. Edwards, responded quickly on a recently enacted city ordinance, number 401, and appointed a three-member park commission. The three selected for this new responsibility were Edward S. Gilbert, president of the Telephone and Telegraph Company; Clarence H. Frink, proprietor of the Great Wardrobe, and Dr. A. Boyd Doremus.

While many Santa Barbarans had been interested in cultivating their own handsome gardens during the previous half century, the city had done little to improve the parks so-designated on the early map of 1853. From time to time prominent citizens had grouped together, or had been requested, to promote "civic improvement" and to raise money for tree plantings. These efforts were intermittent and without an overall plan. This new commission, therefore, was the beginning of the permanent commitment of the city to its parks and parkways.

These three new commissioners served the parks of Santa Barbara for a combined total of forty-eight years, with Dr. Doremus providing eighteen of them. Without any intention of slighting the invaluable service of the others, this article will focus on Dr. Doremus and his great contribution to the beauty of this city.

Dr. Augustus Boyd Doremus had brought his family to Santa Barbara in late 1882, attracted to the area because it reminded him of the French Riviera where he had been wintering. He came, however, with the expectation that he might die within a short time, as warned by his physician.

Dr. Doremus was only forty years old at this critical period, having been born on July fourth, 1842, in Saint Landry Parish, Louisiana. His father, Peter Doremus, had moved there from New Jersey where his Dutch ancestors had settled as early as 1700. His mother, Emeline Guilbeau, was born in Nantes, France, and brought to Louisiana as a child. After five years of early schooling at St. Joseph's College in Bardstown, Kentucky, the young Boyd spent four years at College Chaptal in Paris. He returned to New Orleans after graduation and, at the age of eighteen, began to study medicine. That was in 1860, however, and within a year the Civil War was under way. Boyd joined Company A of the 28th Louisiana regiment as a second lieutenant, serving under Captain Edward Peter Doremus, his older half-brother. Later he became adjutant to his colonel and served under General Pemberton at the siege of Vicksburg. When the war was finally over, Boyd seldom referred to the harrowing years in the service of the Southern Confederacy.

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\*Miss Wilson came to Santa Barbara in 1970 upon her retirement from administrative responsibilities at the University of Maine. Her curiosity about the great variety of trees here in Santa Barbara led her to volunteer at the Santa Barbara Botanic Garden and to search for the material in this article.



As his interest had shifted from general medicine to dentistry, Boyd entered the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. After graduating and practicing for a short time in Louisiana, he headed west and established a practice in San Antonio, Texas. On February 1, 1870, he married a San Antonio native, Mary Kinney Clements, who traced her ancestry back to Patrick Henry. A baby girl was born to them on January 9, 1872. They named her Mary Anita, but called her Anita.

A few years later the family moved to Europe, spending winters in Cannes, France, and summers in Neuchatel, Switzerland, and later in Zurich. Dr. Doremus soon became known as one of the most skillful of the American dentists in southern Europe. As busy as he was, he nevertheless took time to visit gardens and parks throughout the area, thus developing a taste for ornamental gardening. A son, Frank Clements Doremus, was born on June 25, 1880, in Zurich.

In 1882, Dr. Doremus was faced with a report from his physician, a Dr. Bright, that his physical condition was such that he did not have long to live, suggesting however, that he might prolong his life somewhat by moving to a milder climate. Thereupon Dr. Doremus made the decision to give up dentistry, sold his practice to his brother Edward Peter, brought his family to California, and chose Santa Barbara as the place to live.

He purchased about eighteen acres in Montecito at the intersection of East Valley Road and Picacho Lane and planned his house to include an outdoor sleeping porch. He and Mrs. Doremus were among the first to adopt this idea. She shared his interest in gardening and they spent long hours working out-of-doors. He also did a considerable business in real estate. The old maps show that he bought and sold a number of plots in Montecito and Santa Barbara. One of his purchases was the Parra Grande, or Grapevine Estate, which he bought in February, 1884, and sold that December. It seems unlikely that he lived there as inferred by Owen H. O'Neill.

This outdoor regimen seemed to have had the desired effect on Dr. Doremus's health, which indicates that his difficulty was tuberculosis rather than Bright's disease, as some have thought. When Dr. Hilmar O. Koefod, his physician in his later years, was asked in 1976 about the possibility that Dr. Doremus suffered from Bright's disease, he thought a moment and then said, "Well, I don't think he had Bright's disease; he lived to be a very old man, you know."

By late 1887 Dr. Doremus had recovered his health sufficiently to take his family back to southern Europe for a visit. He sold part of his property, that on Picacho Lane, to Professor J. B. Henck who had recently retired from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He wrote to friends here in June, 1890, that, his health having continued to improve, he was leaving San Remo, Italy, and touring the major cities of Europe before returning to Santa Barbara.

When he arrived back here in 1891 Dr. Doremus took up temporary residence in the boarding house at 1315 Chapala Street, owned by a family friend, Mrs. L. J. Harrison. This time he purchased a barren half-block on East Anapamu Street between Salsipuedes and Quarantina



(now Alta Vista Road) Streets and built his home on the highest point with a view of the ocean and the islands. Even before the house was completed in 1893, he and Mrs. Doremus had started to plant a garden on the hillside. No doubt he brought seeds with him from Europe. He shared seeds and cuttings with Dr. Francesco Franceschi, a horticulturist noted for the introduction of many plants new to Santa Barbara, and with other nurserymen and gardeners in the area. Before many years the Doremuses had turned the hillside into one of the lovely smaller gardens filled with unusual flora planted with the thought of special groupings around an expansive view. The garden was much admired by the many visitors, including outstanding horticulturists who came to Santa Barbara.

While this gardening went on unabated, the Doremus family participated in the various activities in the community. Anita and Frank were in the early flower parades. Anita and her father played in the community orchestra, she the drums and he the violin; they were cast in an amateur performance of "As You Like It." He played in the chess tournaments and rode with the horsemen of the day to outlying ranches for picnics. He was elected to the Board of the County National Bank on which he served for thirty years. Mrs. Doremus was on the Board of the newly organized Cottage Hospital and served as the second president from 1899 to 1902. The family was active in Trinity Episcopal Church where the Reverend John Bakewell was rector.

On September 19, 1900, the attractive Doremus garden was the setting for the wedding of Anita to Ernest Newbold Hazard of Peace Dale, Rhode Island. Ernest was a cousin of Dr. Caroline Hazard, then president of Wellesley College, and her brother Rowland, who were established part-time residents on Mission Hill just north of the Old Mission. The Reverend W. R. Richardson of St. Mark's Church in San Antonio, Texas, who performed the marriage service for Dr. and Mrs. Doremus thirty years earlier, came to officiate for their daughter, Anita. The names of the guests bring to mind many of the Santa Barbara families so often mentioned in its history: Hazard, Meigs, Eddy, Fisher, Bakewell, Harrison, Stevens, Colt, Doulton, Summers, Oliver, Dibblee, Redington, Bigelow, and Tallant.

Ernest and Anita left by train that evening for Saranac Lake, New York. A baby girl was born to them on July 3 of the following year and named Augusta for her paternal grandmother Augusta G. Hazard or, perhaps, for her maternal grandfather? Unfortunately Ernest's health deteriorated rather quickly and they spent that fall and early winter in New Mexico and Arizona, where he died on December 18, 1901, only fifteen months after their wedding. His body was interred in the family lot in the Santa Barbara Cemetary. After a period of time divided between Peace Dale and Santa Barbara, Anita built her home on the southeast corner of her father's property and developed there a flower garden which became a show place in its own right.

It was not surprising for Dr. Doremus to have been appointed to the first park commission, for he was widely known as "one who loved to grow things." Almost immediately after their appointment, on



March 10, the three commissioners held their first meeting. While Gilbert and Frink shouldered the presidential and secretarial responsibilities, along with many others, they gave Doremus a free hand with the park planning and planting. These three faced innumerable problems in those early years. Soon after they organized, the task of extending the Ocean Boulevard (now Cabrillo) to the east of State Street was added to their responsibilities. The problems of the waterfront were severe, with the beach so unstable that the waves washed out the road over and over again. At times the sea water backed up in the estuaries along Salsipuedes and Canal (now Olive) Streets as far as the present Santa Barbara High School. Mission Creek emptied across lower State Street and the Boulevard before reaching the ocean. One of the designated parks was a salt marsh; one was used as a dump.

The minutes of the early meetings of the commission are filled with discussions and decisions about these numerous problems: How can an embankment be built to hold the ocean front? Should the Santa Barbara Consolidated Electric Railway Company be allowed to build its track on the ocean side of East Boulevard? Can the 2000 loads of sand being dug from one place be used to fill in the salt marsh of Plaza del Mar? How soon can water be piped to the parks? What plants will grow in the different soils found in the various parks? Where can the plants be obtained and how paid for? How can the trees be cared for after planting?

The commissioners started out with no authority, no precedents, no staff, no budget. They did have vision, energy, determination, and the respect of the community. They were agreed on the objective of a beautiful Santa Barbara; their recommendations to the city council were frequent; and their decisions contributed to the policies that still protect the parks and parkways which have made Santa Barbara famous.

In the late spring of that year, 1902, those who passed by Alameda Plaza along Garden Street above Sola Street noticed an older man plowing. They often stopped and, thinking him a hired man, shouted suggestions to him. The plower, however, was none other than sixty-year-old Dr. Doremus using his wife's carriage horse and his own plow. With the authority recently vested in him, it was quite natural for Dr. Doremus to start his work in Alameda Plaza, which was relatively near his own home.

Originally there were six blocks in Alameda Plaza. By 1902 the four northern blocks had been acquired by private individuals; two were purchased and two were occupied by squatters. One of those four, however, after serving as the site of Madame Christian Herter's home from 1905 to 1913 and of El Mirasol Hotel until the late 1960s, was returned to the city park system as a gift from Alice Keck Park in 1975.

Dr. Doremus found Alameda Plaza badly neglected and over-grown with weeds. The music stand and tool house were there, although forlorn. He judged some of the trees previously planted to be inappropriate and poorly placed. Quite naturally he developed his own vision of a park with trees from many lands and began to seek young trees and seeds from other plantmen here and abroad. With the aid of a part-time



gardener he started a small nursery in the western block to give his acquisitions a chance to grow until conditions were right for them to be moved to their permanent location. As water was gradually piped to the various parts of the Plaza, he planted lawn and trees in that area. By January 1904 it was reported that "the grass along Garden Street was well along."

Dr. Doremus worked during those years preparing the ground and planting trees and shrubs as carefully as he had done in his own garden. Being partial to the feather palms, he planted a number of them throughout the two blocks. When they were reasonably tall he cut down the fan palms previously planted in a straight line, but he cut them at night and received little criticism. Years later Dr. Pearl Chase referred to the slight curves in the crosswalks, explaining that Dr. Doremus disliked straight lines in his parks.

All the while Dr. Doremus searched for rare trees and planted them wherever he thought they would grow. He must be given full credit for most of the 119 trees, comprising over seventy species, listed in Alameda Plaza in 1976; this number included six species found nowhere else in Santa Barbara.

Early commission recommendations made in 1902 and 1903 established the basic plan for the future development of the ocean side of the entire East Boulevard as a city park. They recommended that the city purchase the lumber yard situated at the end of the wharf on lower State Street, and that all city-owned land on the ocean front be dedicated to park purposes. It was the hope that all land so situated would become a part of a continuous city park. This hope was finally achieved with the assistance of dedicated citizens. The city acquired the approach to the wharf, the last parcel of beach land, in 1931; and in 1937 the needed 116 Mexican Fan Palms were planted with funds from the Works Progress Administration, thus completing the park planting along East Boulevard. In July of 1978, the city dedicated this park between State and Milpas Streets as Chase Palm Park, honoring the late brother and sister, Harold and Pearl Chase, for their contribution to this project as well as to many others.

During the fall of 1903 Henry Tallant, a well-known, concerned citizen and grandfather of Ralph Stevens who followed Dr. Doremus as park superintendent, became increasingly disturbed about developments along Mission Creek toward the western end of Alamar Avenue. Although the land was privately owned, residents had been free to enjoy the woody creekside and even referred to it as "Oak Park." Now there was a chance that the land would be divided for selling. Mr. Tallant interested numerous people in the possibility of a city park there. On December 21, Dr. Doremus presented this proposal to the park commission, which passed on to the city council the recommendation that the city purchase the area under consideration, available for \$11,675. The next spring, 1904, bonds were voted and purchases amounting to about seventeen acres were subsequently made.

Dr. Doremus saw this natural glen as one to develop with native California shrubs and trees. First he had to clear out the brambles and



dead wood around the Coast Live Oak and sycamore trees growing there. Then he planted over one hundred additional oaks and some California maples and wild cherry trees on the lower land, as many Toyon trees as were available in the nurseries on the slopes, and groups of Monterey Pines on the higher levels. He alerted the nurserymen so that when more native trees became available he could place them, too, in the "natural wild condition" which Dr. Doremus wished to preserve in Oak Park. Swings and picnic tables were soon scattered amidst the trees, and other developments were added later.

In March, 1905, the Woman's Club was granted permission to equip and use Vera Cruz Plaza on East Cota Street between Anacapa and Santa Barbara Streets as a children's playground until the commission could get around to developing it as a park. The area was cleared of old city equipment, some grading and planting done, enough to support the comment made in 1909 that this was "one of the most attractive playgrounds seen in any city."

The park commission was ready, however, to take back the park in 1911, which, quite naturally, met with great resistance from the Club. The commission moved the playground equipment to a Neighborhood House and started to develop the Plaza as it is seen today. Now one finds there the Montezuma Bald Cypress and the only eucalyptus tree known as Swamp Yate to be found in Santa Barbara.

At the turn of the century a considerable number of outstanding botanists, horticulturists and gardeners, both professional and amateur, were living and working in and around Santa Barbara. They were interested in securing seeds from around the world, believing that the climate of this area would be favorable to a great many of the plants indigenous to other lands. Dr. Doremus, with his long interest in horticulture and his contacts abroad, was an eager participant in this activity. Although he depended upon those who had nurseries to germinate the seeds, he was in a position to experiment with the cultivation of the young plants. He could place them in his own garden, in the parks, or along the city streets.

One of the early such street tree plantings, in 1908, is the double row of Italian Stone Pines on East Anapamu Street between Milpas and Canal Streets. The planting was extended to Garden Street in 1929. The seeds for these pines were sent to Dr. Doremus from Europe by his brother, Edward Peter Doremus. When the young trees, grown in Dr. Franceschi's nursery, were large enough for transplanting, they were set back a considerable distance from the narrow dirt road of Anapamu Street. Today the pavement reaches the bases of the trees and their roots fight the encroachment. Several of the pines have been lost, yet the remaining overarching branches are admired, and their cooling shade appreciated, by all who pass that way.

Another interesting tree introduced in those early years is the Fern Pine, a podocarpus. The seeds were shot down from the top of a tall tree in Kenya, Africa, by Mrs. Stewart Edward White, wife of the renowned author and hunter, and given to Dr. Franceschi who germinated them. When the saplings were ready to transplant, Dr. Doremus placed



two of them in Alameda Plaza, where their present height of seventy feet or more adds to the beauty of the landscape. The one he planted on his own property near the corner of Anapamu and Quarantina Streets towers above the apartment building.

One of the toughest problems faced by Dr. Doremus and the commission was the alkali swamp at Plaza del Mar at the junction of Castillo Street and West, or Ocean Boulevard. During the 1890s the bluff at the edge of the ocean had been developed with wide asphalt walks surrounding two large rectangular lawns with a few trees and numerous benches. A picture taken in 1908, at the time of the visit to Santa Barbara of the United States Naval fleet, shows this development being enjoyed by a considerable number of people. There was much dismay expressed at the time because several shrubs and palm trees were cut down to provide space for a large tent in which to entertain the seamen. Dr. Doremus was quoted in the press explaining that the removal of these plants was really desirable and that new plantings would greatly improve the beauty of the park.

Nevertheless, the alkali swamp was still there, partially surrounding the bluff, and slowing all development. The West Boulevard and the trolley both terminated at the Plaza then. While sand and soil were being transferred to fill in the swamp, the drainage problem continued. At one time Dr. Doremus suggested that a possible solution might be "a picturesque, though costly, method of drainage by erecting a Dutch windmill on the edge of the swamp and pumping it dry, after the fashion of the Hollanders." Eventually, even without a windmill, the area was readied for planting.

By this time Dr. Franceschi had succeeded in propagating the famous Council Tree of Mexico City, a Montezuma Bald Cypress. Dr. Doremus had recently planted several of these young trees in Vera Cruz and Alameda Plazas which were growing nicely. Now he placed several in Plaza del Mar near the foot of Dibblee Hill (the present site of City College), planning eventually to have a grove there of "these grand and noble trees."

As Plaza del Mar was further developed, roads, paths, and a bandstand were built. The concerts held there were so popular that there was constant demand for more parking space for the surreys, wagons, and early automobiles. Much later several major changes were made in the park, such as the extension of the Boulevard to the west in 1943, thus separating the new Bath House from the rest of the park. In spite of these rather drastic developments, many of the trees planted by Dr. Doremus are still there, including one Montezuma Bald Cypress instead of the grove he had planned. There are also large specimens of various species of fig including the Moreton Bay Fig and the Rustyleaf Fig and a number of species of eucalyptus trees, three of which are not found elsewhere in Santa Barbara.

In his 1908 report to the city council, Dr. Doremus, as park superintendent, described the accomplishments and indicated some of the future plans. He expressed appreciation to the many citizens who had supported the work of the commission, adding, "We are particularly



indebted to several among the number for their valuable contributions in the way of rare trees and shrubs. Mr. W. F. Dreer [a Philadelphia seedsman who wintered in Santa Barbara], Mrs. Elwood Cooper, Miss Fannie Cooper, Mrs. I.R. Baxley, Mr. Geo. Edwards, Miss Anne Edwards, Mrs. Georgiana T. Lacy, Mr. Wm. Gould, Mr. Silas Bond."

Dr. Doremus attached to his report a list of the trees already planted, a list comprising 195 genera with several species of many of them, including fifteen of acacia, and twelve of the phoenix palm. He reported a total of 326 species of trees from around the world growing in the parks and along the streets of Santa Barbara. It was an outstanding accomplishment in six years, with so small a staff and so few resources.

The old salt pond, now Andrée Clark Bird Refuge at the eastern end of Cabrillo Boulevard, has taxed the ingenuity and imagination of park commissioners throughout the years. Originally it was a salty marsh with sea water backing into it quite frequently, and popular with duck hunters. An early plan was to make it an inner harbor for small boats. Then as the ocean was successfully held back by embankments protecting the Boulevard, Santa Barbarans favored making it a freshwater lake for boating and fishing. In 1906 a group of public spirited citizens purchased the area from the Boulevard to Old Coast Highway, including the marshy pond and the present municipal tennis courts north of Route 101, and held it until 1909 when the city council approved its purchase for \$7364. A year later the city council established the Lake Park Improvement Fund to which further contributions could be made.

The commission held numerous meetings, spent time and energy on the involved problems, such as trying to get the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company to put their wires underground in that area. In 1917 the Junior Audubon Society petitioned the mayor to establish Lake Park as a bird refuge. This was readily done and the chief of police posted a notice in the vicinity of the lake reminding passersby of the city ordinance "prohibiting the use of guns in the city limits."

The development of Lake Park Bird Refuge was not accomplished until after Dr. Doremus had retired. It was only after 1928 that improvement was made possible by a gift of \$50,000, later increased, from Mrs. Huguette M. Clark, owner of the estate Bellosguardo, located across the boulevard from the park, and now the property of a daughter. While financing the work needing to be done in developing the park, Mrs. Clark determined the future nature of it by stipulating that it be named for her deceased daughter Andrée, that no structure be built upon the land, that no boating or swimming be permitted, nor any parking be allowed along the boulevard around the park.

The city council in June, 1911, passed ordinance #705, again increasing the responsibilities of the park commission and stipulating that individuals may do nothing to the plants except that which would support such trees and shrubs to proper growth. This was enacted when the residents on State Street above Sola were complaining about the center parking strip being developed there and commonly called Hobble Skirt Park. Dr. Doremus tried to convince the residents that the plants of caesalpinia, leptospermum, escallonia, and grevillea would make



a park they would be proud of in a couple of years. The resistance continued, however, and in 1917 the city council agreed to the park strip's removal. The council, however, did continue the plan for the center park between Mission Street and Constance Avenue.

By 1912 the Queen Palms nurtured by Dr. Doremus in his small nursery in Alameda Plaza were sturdy enough to plant along Santa Barbara Street between Victoria and Mission Streets. A short time later he was authorized to order one hundred of these Palms, at no more than six dollars apiece, to border State Street between the same cross streets. Thus a small beginning was made toward the goal of an avenue lined with Queen Palms from Mission Street to the sea.

Relying on the assistance of a recently appointed tree warden, Dr. Doremus wrote to the city council asking for a leave of absence as though he were an employee. The record of the council meeting on October 1, 1912, carries this entry: "The valuable service rendered to the city by Dr. Doremus during his membership on the Park Commission was recognized and the well deserved leave of absence was granted with the anticipation of his return when his vacation trip is finished." With this "permission" Dr. and Mrs. Doremus went back to Europe for several months, visited parks and gardens, collected seeds and information, made contacts for future communication, and returned to contribute further to the parks and parkways of Santa Barbara.

The tree warden, H. F. Sexauer, reported in June 1913 that about one thousand street trees had been planted since January first. This unusual activity had been supported by the community's interest in drawing visitors to Santa Barbara in 1915 when the San Diego Exposition was to be held, as well as the Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco.

The planting had followed the previously studied plan attempting to suit the trees to the soil. In spite of these efforts, some of the thousand trees have disappeared. Nevertheless, there are many still thriving. The acacias are gone from Anacapa Street, as are the Santa Cruz Island Ironwoods from West Haley Street. The few remaining Mexican Fan Palms on East Haley, however, are tall and waving in the wind. The vacant spaces on this street were filled in by the Men's Garden Club in 1973 with small Windmill Palms. A few of the Brazilian Cedarwood trees are still blooming on Gutierrez Street between Santa Barbara and Chapala Streets. A request for the removal of three of these trees was made in 1937. When it was pointed out to the city council that "they had been planted nearly thirty years earlier by Dr. Doremus, having been propagated by Dr. Franceschi, and that they are the only such street tree specimens known, in the opinion of Ralph Stevens" the request was turned down.

Large Camphor trees are still found on Chapala Street although the later planting on Laguna is more complete. There are still a few Alligator Pears, or avocados, on West Arrellaga Street. A row of California Bay, or Laurel, trees line West Alamar Avenue along Oak Park. A few Australian River Oaks are found on Cota Street. The Queensland Pittosporum trees in the 400 to 600 blocks of East Islay Street have survived.



Perhaps not surprisingly, financing the tree planting was a problem at times. In August, 1914, for instance, the park commission had to stop planting because the funds were exhausted. Since it was the policy of city then to tax the residents along the streets where trees were planted, the warden was encouraged to continue to collect the fees to replenish the treasury. The policy seems to have supported the program for a number of years. Later in 1914 Dr. Doremus was able to get 200 small Maten trees which he planted along West Canon Perdido. These have disappeared although the one he planted in his own garden is thriving. It was during those years that the present rows of Brisbane Box trees were planted on Anacapa Street from Sola to Valerio, and also the magnolias were planted on San Andres Street. And in 1919 Dr. Doremus was authorized to purchase olive trees, not to exceed \$300, to plant on Canal Street. The eventual long rows of these trees became the basis for the change of name of the street to Olive in January, 1925. The olive crop used to be harvested; now it is a problem because the oily fruit litters the sidewalk.

The city engineers were continually working to improve the city streets by widening, straightening, or paving. Dr. Doremus kept a watchful eye on their plans in order to save any large trees that might be in the way and, hence, cut down. Once such effort was supported by a letter to a local editor claiming "It is better to save a tree than to straighten a street." Dr. Doremus was especially concerned in 1913 about the plan to pave Mission Canyon Road and did succeed in saving a number of the large trees along the way.

The park commission had had so many requests through the years for permission to cut down trees that the policy had been established early that no tree should be cut unless it would benefit the public and the beauty of Santa Barbara to do so.

When the city purchased the Mission Water Company's holdings, including about eight hundred acres of mountain land in the foothills above Santa Barbara, Dr. Doremus, in early 1914, attempted, unsuccessfully, to persuade the city to dedicate this mountain acreage for a park. He was unsuccessful also in convincing the city to buy for a park the triangular area formed by Laguna and East Valerio Streets and Olive Avenue, when it was available to the city for one-third the market price.

While the State Normal School was being built on the Riviera, the city engineers and the park commission were busy with plans to extend Los Olivos Street through the Santa Barbara Mission grounds to join Alameda Padre Serra. Along with providing access to the Normal School, the plan included development of the area in front of the Mission as a park, for which the nearby residents had subscribed \$1335. In January 1913, however, the park commission wrote to the subscribers regretting that the Franciscan Fathers had denied the city the privilege of using the land for a park, as it might lead to future legal problems about the ownership of the area. After the 1925 earthquake, however, the Fathers, needing money for the restoration of the Mission, offered to sell the land to the city. The city agreed to buy it and yet the transaction was not fully completed until much later.



With the building of the Normal School, a group of residents on the Riviera became eager for the city to purchase the land along Alameda Padre Serra below the Normal School for a park. They organized the Riviera Company and discussed the proposition with the park commission, which, in turn, recommended the purchase to the city council in early 1913. That body expressed interest in a hillside park, and asked the park commission to develop plans for one, and to ascertain whether or not the owners would reserve the area, giving the city an option.

Discussions continued among the interested parties; plans for the development of a park were approved. Yet it was not until early 1920 that the city council finally voted to purchase the land for Hillside Park, and then only with money advanced by the members of the Riviera Company. The actual development was even further delayed and became the responsibility in 1921 of Park Superintendent E. O. Orpet. In 1963, after his death, the city council re-named the park in his honor. He had created a unique horticultural display there on the hillside.

The park commissioners continued to plant trees whenever possible during the years of World War I. They also became involved in arranging for the increasing use of the parks by organizations. Oak Park and Plaza del Mar were popular locations for picnics, festivals, and rallies, attracting over five hundred persons at times.

In early 1918, despite the war, a group of "notable botanic experts" and prominent citizens gathered to discuss the formation of an organization to create a World Botanical Garden in Santa Barbara. The proposal also included a Pacific Coast Botanical Highway to stretch from the Mexican border to that of Canada. There was much enthusiasm expressed as various speakers outlined the possibilities. Dr. Doremus presided over the distinguished assemblage, including, among others: Herbert Myrick, Ralph Stevens, Father George M. A. Schoerner, Alfred Burbank (brother of Luther), Mrs. John Herbert Moore, C. A. Storke, Clinton B. Hale, Mrs. C. F. Eaton, Camillo Franceschi-Fenzi, Lockwood de Forest (the elder), Mrs. Joseph Sexton, Mrs. Oakleigh Thorne, Mrs. Fiske Hammond, George O. Knapp, F. F. Peabody.

Committees were formed, a constitution was written, a general meeting was held with encouraging response, a temporary headquarters established — then nothing more was reported. The local press was filled at the time, of course, with the many concerns about the war, which may explain the "blackout" of the World's Botanical Garden.

The city adopted a new Charter in 1918, thereby arranging for the current commission members (there had been five since 1903) to be appointed for different length terms to establish a rotating system. At the age of 76, Dr. Doremus was the one appointed for the five-year term and E. A. Gilbert for the four-year term. The third member appointed in 1902, Mr. Frink, had died in 1915 while still serving on the commission.

The secretary of the park commission called a special meeting on April 9, 1919 in order to "consider the employment of Ralph Stevens as Park Superintendent . . . this becoming necessary by the resignation of Dr. Doremus from this position after serving with such success for



seventeen years." The park commission that day hired a superintendent for the first time. Dr. Doremus remained on the commission a short time longer.

In October of 1919, Santa Barbara was chosen as the place for King Albert, Queen Elizabeth, and Prince Leopold of Belgium to rest from their strenuous schedule of touring the United States. Members of the royal party were guests at Casa Dorinda, the estate of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Bliss. There were to be no receptions or social activities, yet the royal family did plant trees in several locations with little ceremony and only a few spectators. One such occasion was arranged by the park commission in west Alameda Plaza where three redwood trees were planted — one for the King, one for the Queen, one for the Prince — with Dr. and Mrs. Doremus participating. The plan to place a commemorative plaque there later was never consummated and few people know the significance of these trees.

It was about a year later at the meeting of the park commission on September 2, 1920, that the secretary read a letter from Dr. Doremus in which he tendered his resignation from the commission. The other commissioners sent the letter on to the city council with the request that Dr. Doremus be asked to reconsider. On September 3, the Morning Press carried the news under a large headline: "Dr. Doremus Resigns." It further reported that the council refused to accept the resignation and

... unanimously credited Dr. Doremus with the entire park system of Santa Barbara. The Plaza now a little gem on the ocean front was a drab waste until Dr. Doremus transformed it . . . Alameda Park was a mad tangle of weeds and trees till it was made to blossom like a rose by Dr. Doremus. It is again with Oak Park, and even East Boulevard, once an unsightly thing, has become a thing of beauty; and Dr. Doremus again did it. Park Board and Council members are unanimous in appealing to him in behalf of the City to reconsider his resignation.

Apparently Dr. Doremus did not change his mind, and life must have been easier for him at the age of seventy-eight. Before long, however, the Garden Club of Santa Barbara and Montecito elected him to membership and to the presidency, in which capacity he served for four years, the only man to be so honored to this day.

The members of the Doremus family continued to participate in community affairs. Anita served as secretary of the Directors of Corporation of the Santa Barbara Girls School from 1914 to 1919 and continued on the Board of Trustees until 1931. She was the major of the women's division in the first Community Chest drive, and for several years thereafter. Frank had married and, with his wife Madeleine, moved to Medford, Oregon. They met Dr. and Mrs. Doremus at the Clift Hotel in San Francisco for visits.

Dr. and Mrs. Doremus continued to entertain their many friends on the Fourth of July, thus celebrating Dr. Doremus's birthday along with that of their country. For the pleasure of the large number (over three hundred at times) of guests, various groupings of refreshment



tables and chairs were arranged in the flowery recesses under the trees around their spacious lawn. One year Dr. Doremus had strung rope around several trees creating a maze for the children, who, now grown up, still remember the fun they had that day.

An important event for all the family was the marriage of Augusta Hazard to Roy Edward Jones on April 30, 1925. Dr. Doremus gave the bride away; Suzanne Rogers was maid of honor; Hallie Bakewell, the young daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Bakewell, was flower girl. After the church ceremony a reception was held in Anita's home, especially for the out-of-town guests. Several of the Hazard relatives were there from Rhode Island, as were Frank and Madeleine from Oregon, and Anita's long-time friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Thacher from the Ojai.

In the early spring of 1926 four generations of the Doremus family gathered on their lawn: Dr. and Mrs. Doremus, Anita, Augusta, and the new baby, Ernest Hazard Jones. It is interesting that some years later Ernest Jones and Robin Scherck chose to be married under the tall sycamore tree in his grandmother's garden.

Dr. Doremus was greatly appreciated in the community; at various times and in various ways he was honored. In August, 1926, Dr. Elmer J. Bissell, the director of the new botanic garden provided for by the gift of Mrs. Anna Blakely Bliss (Mrs. William H.) to the Museum of Natural History, named Ralph Hoffman and Dr. Doremus as honorary members of the advisory committee for the new garden.

A very special occasion was held on June 4, 1929. The June issue of the *Santa Barbara Gardener*, published monthly by Lockwood and Elizabeth de Forest, carried this tribute:

Under the trees he had planted in the green park of his planning the friends of Dr. Doremus gathered around him . . . to unveil a bronze plaque erected in his honor in Alameda Park. A gift of the planting Committee of the Community Arts Association and the Garden Club of Santa Barbara and Montecito the plaque has been placed on a boulder at the southwest entrance of the eastern Alameda that all who pass by may know of one whose inspired hand, whose vision and foresight made the parks of Santa Barbara what they are today.

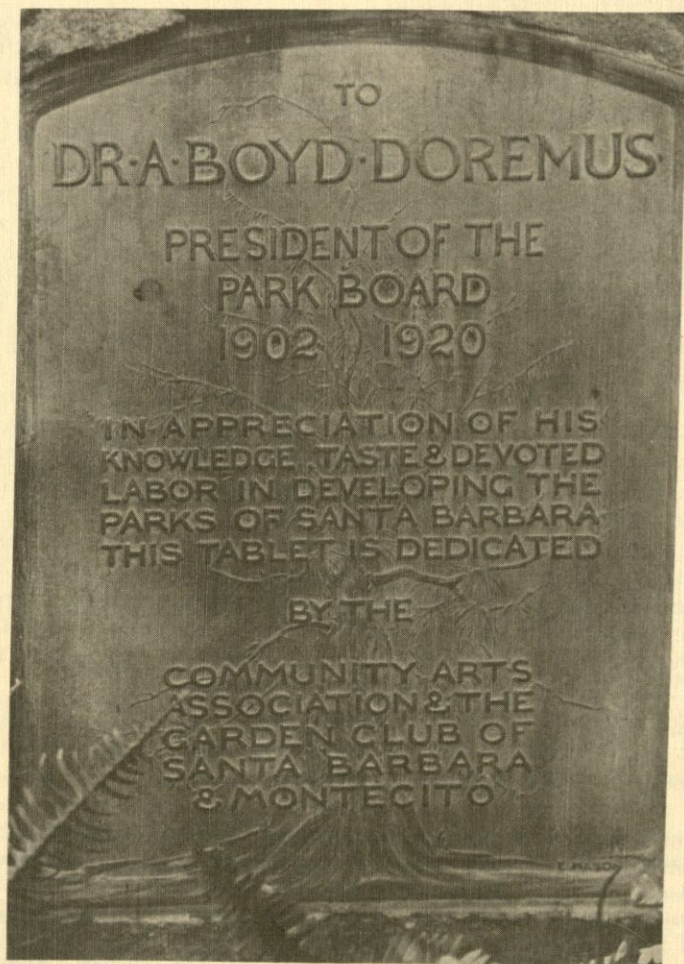
The design for the plaque was made by Miss Elizabeth Mason . . . The lettering appears against the background of a graceful Montezuma Cypress, a tree which Dr. Doremus introduced into Santa Barbara . . .

Those who plant trees and plan parks that generation after generation will enjoy have living tributes to their handiwork. Green vistas, spreading branches and tall tree tops proclaim their excellence abroad. The parks of Santa Barbara are in themselves an everlasting tribute to Dr. Doremus; the plaque an expression of appreciation of what their beauty means to all of us.\*

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\*It should also be noted that in 1959 a plaque was placed at the University of California, Santa Barbara beside "A group of palms donated in the memory of Dr. A. Boyd Doremus."





Plaque honoring Dr. Doremus, Alameda Plaza

Edith G. Wilson

Mr. Samuel M. Ilsley spoke at the ceremony, expressing appreciation for the work done by Dr. Doremus: "Day after day, year after year, he supervised the work, doing much with his own hands. It was a noble gift of time and skill that he gave to the creation of beauty for the pleasure of his fellow citizens."

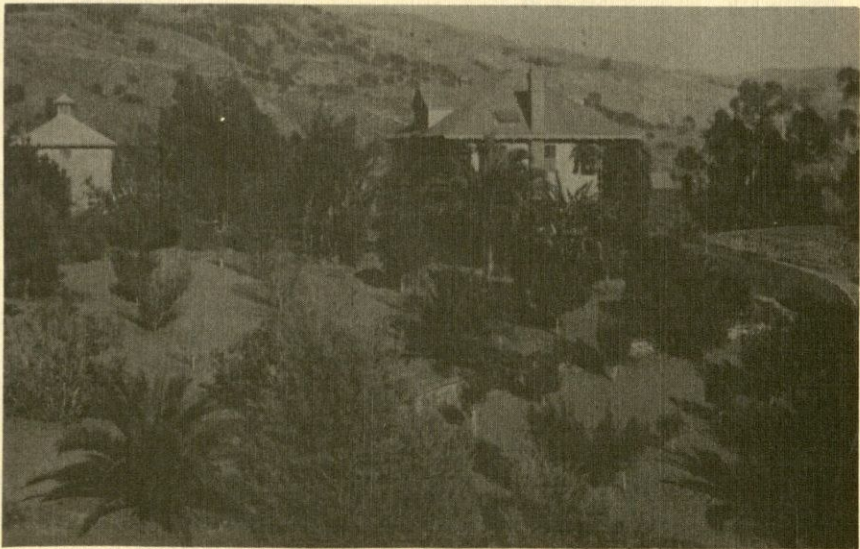
Dr. Doremus was present at the dedication with Anita, who replied for her father, voicing "his appreciation for the honor bestowed upon him, declaring he found great joy in planting the trees which now help make the city beautiful." It is reported that years later, when being driven past the park, he would ask his driver to stop, then sit quietly while his eyes surveyed the trees and the plaque, then nod for the driver to proceed.



Unfortunately, Mrs. Doremus was unable to attend this event honoring her husband, and a few months later she died, at which time the press carried expressions of appreciation for her various talented contributions to the community. After her death, Dr. Doremus moved in with his daughter, although he continued to work in his garden, even cutting down old trees and planting new ones out of gallon cans. He enjoyed watching them grow, no doubt seeing them in his mind's eye as they grace the home site today. During his last few years he was confined to the house, where friends who visited him enjoyed his interest in everything, his sense of humor, and his tendency to burst into song.

On the evening of November 22, 1937, he died quietly at the age of 95. The News-Press on November 24 carried a lengthy tribute by Mr. Ilsley to the "one known as the father of Santa Barbara's many beautiful parks." Again the *Santa Barbara Gardener* honored him:

The spirit of gardening shone in Dr. Doremus as in few men — the spirit of zeal tempered by a sense of humor. . . . He had patience and a magnificent optimism. . . . He was a born horticulturist, and combined a love of plants, both native and exotic, with a flare for design and the combining of plant material . . . . He was always interested in newly introduced plants and always found space to experiment with the latest introductions. He knew the new arrivals by name and habit and native haunts which was probably one secret of his success in growing plants considered difficult. His friends might well honor his memory by planting in their gardens some rarity and thinking of it as his tree. It might remind them that good gardening is a great healer, for Dr. Doremus came to California to die, as he loved to tell years afterwards. That was in 1882. During the four decades allowed him of further active life he created the parks of Santa Barbara and left to all the people a heritage that will ever keep his memory green.



Dr. Doremus' Home



Dr. Doremus was remembered by all who knew him — the bank tellers, the gardeners, the many intimate friends — as a tall, stately, kindly man, “a real gentleman,” “a gallant and noble spirit.” With fifty-five of his ninety-five years devoted to Santa Barbara, he is remembered as one of the city’s foremost benefactors through his work in behalf of the parks and street tree plantings. Those who know the story can scarcely go anywhere in Santa Barbara without being reminded of Dr. A. Boyd Doremus.

\* \* \* \* \*

Anita continued to live at home in the unusual garden setting until her death in 1955. Now the residents of the apartment houses, later built so skillfully amidst the trees, enjoy those forty-some species planted so long ago. Dr. Doremus’s great-grandson, Ernest Hazard Jones, and his great-granddaughter, Florence Anita Jones Bowler, with their families continue to enjoy the Santa Barbara to which Dr. Doremus contributed so much. Then in the summer of 1980, Edward Peter Doremus III visited Santa Barbara to see the rows of Italian Stone Pines grown from the seeds contributed by his great-grandfather, and the trees in Alameda Plaza towering over the plaque honoring his illustrious ancestor.



Alameda Plaza, 1981

Maria Ealand



## SOURCES

While accepting full responsibility for any errors or misrepresentations in this article, the author wishes to express deep appreciation to the following persons for their generous assistance in the collection of the material herein:

Florence Jones Bowler, Elizabeth K. de Forest, Anna Lincoln Ellis, Ernest and Robin Jones, Mrs. Leo T. McMahon, Jean S. Menzies, Dr. Robert A. Miller, Dr. Katherine K. Muller, Hallie Bakewell Richardson, Stella Haverland Rouse, and the late Dr. Pearl Chase, Dr. and Mrs. Hilmar O. Koefod and Helen Low.

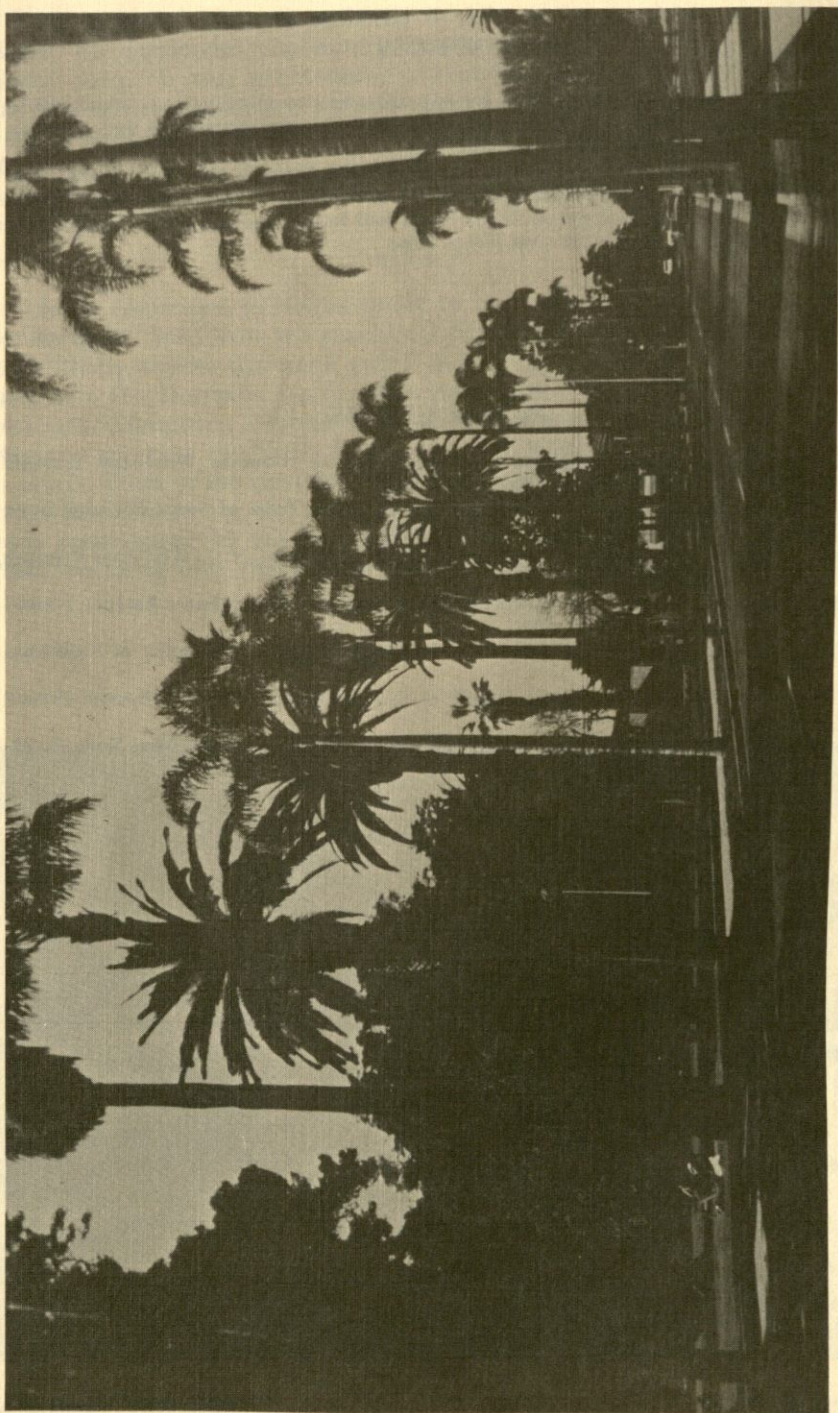
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- Maps and photographs, City Public Works Department.
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- Minutes and ordinances, City Council.
- Newspaper files, Public Library.
- Registry of Deeds, County Court House.





Santa Barbara Street

Edith G. Wilson



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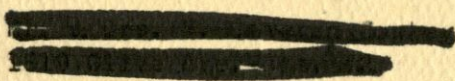
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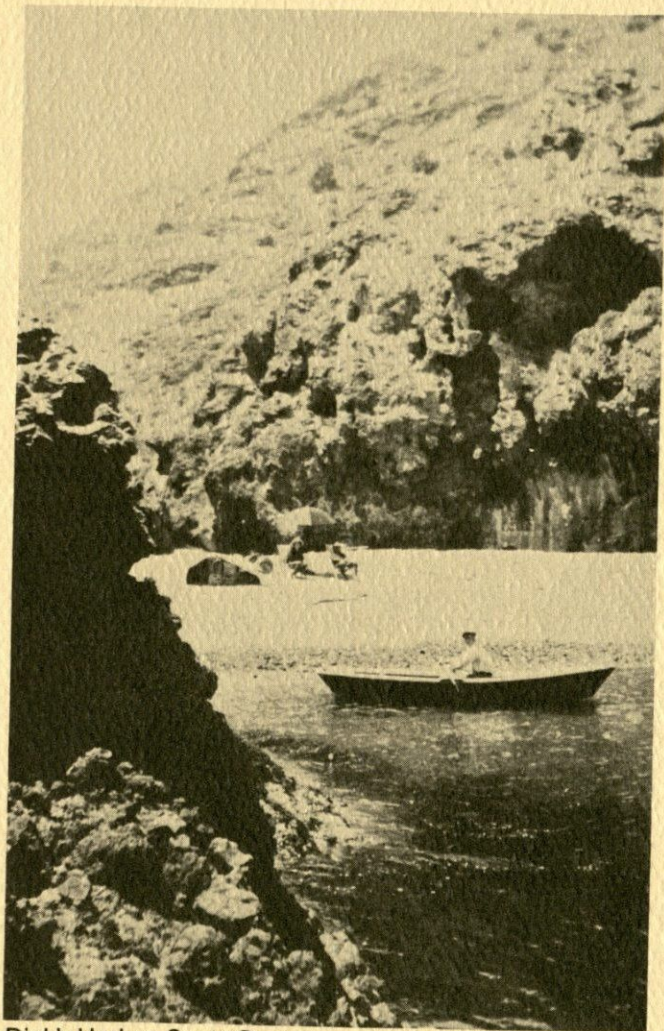
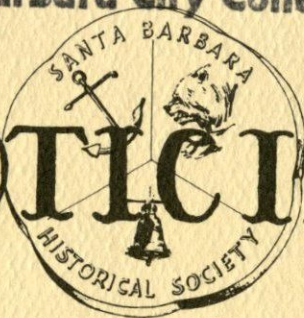
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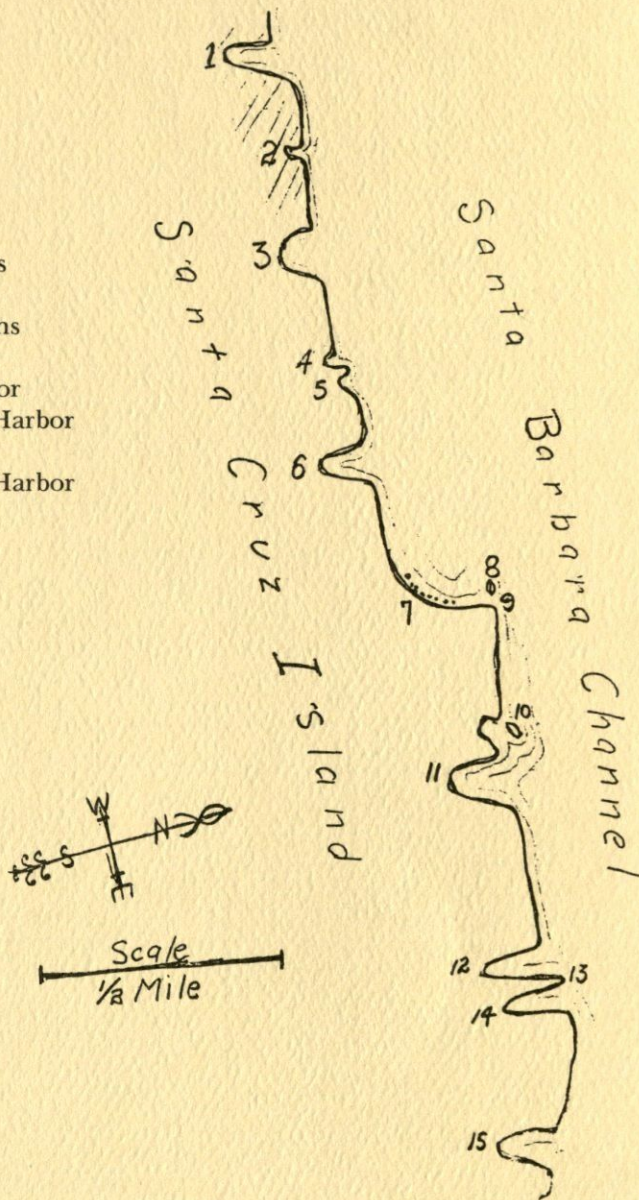
Dick's Harbor, Santa Cruz I.

Mrs. S. Morton



# HORACE SEXTON'S MAP

1. Fry's Harbor
2. Dardanelles
3. Fern Cove
4. Crawfish Bite
5. Shark Bite
6. Dick's Harbor
7. Abalone Rocks
8. Mussel Rock
9. Marine Gardens
10. Orizaba Rock
11. Orizaba Harbor
12. Upper Twin Harbor
13. Arch Rock
14. Lower Twin Harbor
15. Pelican Bay





# OUR TRIP TO SANTA CRUZ ISLAND

By Horace Sexton\*

Sunday, August 6, 1922—All the anxiety and worry of transportation to Santa Cruz Island was solved by our good friend, Rhodehaver, who responded to a 4:30 a.m. call when we received the news that he would be free to take us across in the good ship "Unome" as soon as I could come and get him. Good luck was assured when we found a dollar bill on the way to the wharf. Rody made the boat ready while St Clair and I hauled down three Ford loads of equipment and grub. We rounded up the skiff and after loading, we were off at 7 a.m. After passing the buoy we realized that we surely were started, and the sweet purring of the motor and smooth riding qualities of the boat assured us of a perfect trip across, no matter what weather we might meet.

Our trip across was more than satisfactory, everybody enjoying the trip watching the birds, sharks, schools of fish and even a whale. Ella contributed a little to the feed of the entertainers, but, taking it all in all, stood the trip much better than I had expected. The island soon loomed up out of the haze, and we found ourselves in Dick's Harbor before we realized it. Let me add here that the "Unome" is the most comfortable and the easiest handled boat I have made the trip aboard.

Our luck was still with us, for the harbor was free from other campers, and we proceeded to unload and pick out a camp site. We soon located one about a block and a half up from the beach beneath a beautiful grove of maple, oak and holly trees beside a rippling brook of fine drinking water. Camp located, we went on board again and had a try at deep sea fishing off Twin Harbor, but, having no luck, ran out to Pelican Bay and received the usual welcome of Captain Ira Eaton and his wife, and Rody proceeded to fill up on everything he could ask for, while the rest of us chose between coffee and other stimulants. We also picked up a stray crawfish trap on the way back to camp and planted same for future reference.

Next came the task of lugging all our junk from the beach to our camp site, and, believe me, this proved to be some job, but thanks to Rody and our enthusiasm for this wonderful harbor, we had most of the gear moved and made ourselves comfortable for the night.

Monday—After a reasonably good night we arose and had breakfast and all went to the beach to pull our trap and see Rody off. We found that our skipper, who had slept aboard, had set a net across the harbor mouth and had caught a collection of mackerel, smelt, flying fish, etc. We made a successful catch of spiders, which we forced on Rody to take home and then explored the cave and adjoining bight.

Rody left us with whistle blowing and spray flying while we trolled for mackerel. St Clair soon hooked a dandy, which gave him a fight that nearly got his goat and took rod and all. It was decided that this fish weighed about ten pounds and was at least eighteen inches long. Spent the

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\*This account of a two-week camping trip enjoyed by St Clair and Marion Morton and Horace and Ella Sexton was loaned to *Noticias* by Mrs. Morton. Horace Sexton was a member of the Sexton family of Goleta. Mr. Morton was in the grocery and later the insurance business here.



rest of the day putting our camp in order, clearing out the pool and making the refrigerator beneath the rocks in the creek. Went to bed at dark with the satisfaction that we had the most beautiful camp, as well as most comfortable camp any of us had ever enjoyed.

Found out today that we have the wrong sized films for the kodak. Marion has about a dozen for hers, so will have to make them do for the whole trip.

Tuesday—As usual, the first night in a strange place was long and wakeful. The mice and mosquitoes had their turn, and everyone got up more or less glad the night was over. Spent the morning poking around in the kelp beds, fishing and putting out a mooring for our skiff, which has been christened "Li'l Snappin' Turtle." More eats, and then a trip up the canyon, which proved to be trip of beauty and interest. A beautiful creek flows over the rocks, making waterfalls into wonderful pools overhanging with ferns and greenery, while the oaks, holly and maple tower overhead.

Everybody went fishing and caught lots of kelp fish, which were very gamy and were grateful to be thrown back to be caught again tomorrow if we decide to fish again in the same place.

Had a wonderful meal consisting of St Clair's famous mackerel baked with tomatoes and onions. Also combination salad, lyonnaise potatoes, etc. Alternated between loafing, reading and eating, and finished up about dark with crab salad. Started to read the book, "Man Size," aloud by the campfire, and after several skirmishes with mice, which are so tame as to come right into the firelight, we turned in for the night.\*

Wednesday—Morning gun soon after daylight, and all hands turned out to cantaloupe and coffee with reports of a very comfortable night, except once when a wild hog was surprised on his trip from the hills to the beach by walking into camp. Found the tide very low, so decided to make a try at abalones, so rowed down the coast and beached our boat on the rocks and had no trouble getting plenty of abalones, but they will soon be gone for campers. Got off on Mussel Rock and laid in a supply of great mussels for a stew and bait. Our trap delivered us a fine mess of crabs, and after puttering around in the kelp beds awhile, we returned to camp and tackled the hot cakes, bacon, eggs, more bacon and a couple of big mussels roasted. Loafed around, read, got wood—then another meal of cabbage, roast beef, baked potatoes, corn bread, etc. Went out by the harbor mouth and tied up to the kelp and had a fishing contest, varieties counting instead of numbers. Back at our camp we had our usual mouse hunt while reading. This consisted of waiting for the animal to approach the campfire, then get him before he could reach the rocks in the darkness.

We have been looking for Rodehaver all day, but guess he will be over Sunday.

Thursday—Got up late (about 7:30), everybody having had a dandy night. Coffee and toast, then for the boat for an exploring trip up the coast. Went as far as Fry's Harbor, which took us about three-fourths of an hour.

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\*Mrs. Morton says that they had sticks with which to whack the kangaroo mice when they came close enough.



Fry's is a beautiful harbor, but the beach and canyon are awfully dirty. A party of four men camping there were not overly talkative, so we decided they were moonshiners.

After leaving Fry's we stopped in all the coves. The first stop was at Dardanelles, where we passed through the cliffs onto a little beach where the swells ebb and flow through a little straight made by a long rock beside the cliff; hence the name, "Dardanelles."

Then to the Fern Cove, where we found the most wonderful marine gardens and a cave where we rowed in and took some pictures. Then we went ashore on the rocks and walked up the cliff and saw the bank of ferns about sixty feet high with a cave below filled with ferns and moss. Next comes Crawfish Cove, where we pulled our trap, but something went wrong. Our bait was gone and not a thing in the trap. The next cove around Mackerel Point has not been named as yet, but will find something suitable in the future. We were out three hours and hunger drove us in. All hands flew to the job and soon had a swell meal to match our appetites, consisting of abalones, bacon, potatoes and gravy, tomatoes, etc., with two helpings of each.

After considerable debating as to where and why we should swim, it was decided to go up the canyon and find a pool in the sunshine and out of the wind. This part proved easy, but Lord, that water was cold. One dive was sufficient.

Went out about two blocks off the harbor mouth and ran into a school of mackerel, and—O Boy!—the sport we had cannot be equaled in many years. About every fifteen minutes a school would hit us and from then on until the fish were landed all hands were busy with their own problems, or laughing at those of others. Sometimes we would get two at once, or a twenty-inch fish and then how the reels would sing as they took the line away. SOME SPORT!!!!

Our dinner tonight consisted of broiled lobster, buttered beets, cucumbers, toast and loganberry jam, tea, cheese and bread pudding. Plenty at each serving.

Read by the campfire, but mouse hunting was poor and we retired early.

Friday—Last night at high twelve our friends the hogs made another call, passing down the canyon above the camp. We were warned of their approach by the rocks rolling into camp. I got a shot at one in the creek bottom below camp, and, if it had not been for our woodpile, I am afraid he would have cleared out St. Clair's tent. However, he was turned off and continued up the canyon, where, at a safe distance, he growled in defiance.

This morning we went exploring down the coast, calling at the mussel shoals, Orizaba Rock, the marine gardens, Orizaba Cove, where we baited a stray trap, then to Twin Harbors and Arch Rock. Had a good chance to get a tow home, but the owners of the launch we met were about as hospitable as rest of the outlaws over here, so we poked along the kelp beds coming home. The sea was so smooth that we could pass into all the coves and approach the rocks, nooks and corners just as if we were on a great, glassy lake.





Bathing Pools

Mrs. S. Morton



Again our trap failed us, but we have two meals planned ahead and we have baited with the choicest mackerel, so surely we will have luck next time. We were on the water five hours this morning, and surely saw a wonderful variety of beautiful and interesting scenery both under the water and on shore.

Finished our book and prepared a meal consisting of fillet of mackerel, fried onions and potatoes, boiled carrots and peas, toasted bread and jam, coffee, cheese, olives, and ice cream was mentioned only. Loafed around, read, got wood, etc., all afternoon, and toward evening went mackerel fishing while the girls took a swim. St Clair caught a twenty-inch mackerel, which gave him a real fight. Crawfish salad, toast, tea, read awhile and then to bed.

Saturday—Everybody had a grouch this morning. The night was warm and the mosquitoes numerous and all hands had some wakeful hours. Went down to the shore before breakfast and found a very low tide, so went abalone hunting. Landed on the rocks and soon had a good mess. Bacon and eggs and hot cakes and into the boat again to visit our trap. Something is eating the bait without getting caught, so moved it into deeper water.

Ella washed some clothes, including my shirt and pants which had become slightly soiled with fish scales, etc. Marion read our new book aloud while this operation was performed, and St Clair and I lay down wondering what we would be doing this Saturday if we were at home.

Made a big mussel ciopinno and vegetable salad, which we cleaned up in short time. Spent the afternoon reading, sleeping and loafing around; went down to the beach and washed out the boat. Went swimming and tried the trap, but no luck.

Had two boats visit our harbor this evening: a party on the "Venture," who evidently are cruising the islands and stopped for abalones, and a fishing boat looking for bait. A wind down the canyon made our harbor undesirable for an anchorage, so they passed on up the coast.

Made great preparations for the night, battened down the tents, put in smudges and drove out all the mosquitoes, read awhile and turned in. We have sea food of all kinds today in hopes we can feed lots of company tomorrow.

Sunday—Everybody got in nine hours of good sleep last night and all turned out to prepare for our company, who will have a wet trip, as it is getting pretty rough outside, and the wind coming up all the time. Our cove is protected by the hills and it makes no difference how much it blows outside, we never have more than a gentle breeze in the camp. I think that is the reason for the oak trees in this canyon being so tall and straight and the ferns so beautiful. Upon visiting our trap we discovered the reason for our poor catches and lost bait in the shape of a short, round shark, resembling somewhat a baby seal. We fixed him, so he won't bother us any more, and put him overboard for an example to the rest of the family, and hope for better luck.

Spent the morning loafing around waiting for Rodehaver and speculating on who he would bring with him, but gave up all hope around noon and prepared our dinner of fried abalones, Spanish beans,



pineapple and cake and the last of our bread, toasted. We had enough left over for someone who should have come but didn't.

Toward evening we took the guns and went for a hike up the hills. Found a trail and puffed up over the rocks, pausing now and then to locate small bands of sheep and enjoy the wonderful colors on the hilltops and the indescribable panorama of bay and ocean. All of a sudden Marion located a hog on the crest of a ridge about 150 yards up the hill, and St Clair and I immediately opened fire, he with the automatic and I with the rifle. The pig was taken by surprise and made the mistake of coming down the canyon toward us. At the second or third shot he fell and started to roll down the steep hillside toward the creek hundreds of feet below. He finally lodged on the edge of a cliff and lay still.

The pig no more than stopped rolling when Ella yelled, "There goes a fox!"

Again the artillery opened fire and Mr. Fox ran across the hillside in plain view with puffs of dirt flying up all around him, sometimes so close as to bounce him up in the air. Several times I thought we had him, but he always landed running and finally disappeared over the ridge and the battle was over. All this happened in a very few minutes, but, believe me, excitement ran high while it lasted. We all went down and took a look at our dead hog, which proved to be a young boar, weighing about 255 pounds, with the tusks just starting. He was the typical wild hog type with bigger hams in front than in back, long nose and fin-like row of red hair down his razor back. The girls did not like his looks, so we left him for the ravens and made our way back to camp where we discussed the hunt, our modesty prohibiting us to brag about our good marksmanship, but I must say right here that it was **SOME SHOOTING**.

Monday—St Clair and I arose early after a fine sleep, made coffee and went fishing while the girls continued to sleep.

Didn't have much luck, but got into schools where the mackerels were chasing the sardines. The schools were as large as a city block, but our hooks were evidently not as alluring as a live sardine, and the numerical odds were a million to one against us. Picked up the girls and visited the trap. Only caught one crawfish, but our bait was not molested by the sharks, and we moved it back from Shark to Crawfish Bite and expect a fine haul tomorrow. Spent most of the morning reading and tending to the fire, and at the end had a real "he-man" meal, consisting of ham shank and cabbage and Spanish beans.

Loafed around all evening. Just before dark St Clair and Marion took a stroll down to the beach and found the bay alive with sardines, with the mackerel chasing them from underneath, and pelicans and sea gulls attacking them from above. They put off in the boat and soon had the reels singing. Ella and I heard the excitement, so went down and got aboard. We let the girls take the poles and I surely thought they would jump overboard with excitement. They were still biting when we came in, but it was getting dark and in the half hour we were out caught fifty and the Lord knows what we will do with them. Sure wish we could land some of our catches in Santa Barbara. We have live crawfish in the receiver, boiled ones in the



camp, a sack of mussels, cold abalones and fish galore. If Rody should drop in now, we sure could fill him up.

The girls have been making bread,\* and the preparation of the yeast and mixing of the same seems to be a cross between the way Marion's mother, Ella's mother, I and you and the recipe and yeast package recommend, so we are looking forward with great interest to the results. Fried some mackerel, did the dishes, fussed around with the bread some more, put same to bed wrapped in a blanket and then followed ourselves.

Tuesday—Ella got out first thing to look at the bread, and reported semi-favorable. Had a small breakfast of sliced oranges, fried mackerel, bacon, eggs, hot cakes and coffee. Visited the trap and made a fine catch—many more than we can use.

This was our last loafing day. Baked the bread, which turned out fine. We have three big brown loaves, and fresh bread sure does taste good. Read, slept, took a swim in the pool.

Corned beef hash, steamed pudding with brandy sauce (the last of the make).

Tomorrow we make a trip to the top of the island and tonight have prepared a lunch and filled the canteens. Expect to get an early start, so will turn in early.

Wednesday—Up early, had breakfast, took up our packs and started for the top of the mountain. Our trip took us up the canyon through the trees until we came to the forks in the creek, where we started to mount on the ridge between the two creeks. The first few blocks was climbing straight up. Then, when we had mounted the crest, we followed the ridge in a gradual grade between two canyons. In about one and one-half hours we reached Castle Crag, which we skirted to the right and around, and with some more steep pulling reached the top of the rocks only to find another ridge beyond, but by the time three hours had elapsed, all of which time we had been steadily going up, with intermittent pauses for breathing and to admire the wonderful scenery, we reached the crest and had our first glimpse of the valley below and the hills beyond. This side of the Island is altogether different from our side, being more like the Gaviota and Santa Inez country.

Everybody stood the trip in good shape, except Ella, but she more than made it up going down, where St Clair and I suffered the worst, my knee making a poor brake for me, and St Clair's shoes opened new blisters on his feet. Before reaching the bottom he was crawling backward to take the pressure of his shoes from his toes. We had our lunch at the top and returned by a slightly different route, seeing lots of sheep going and coming, but no more pigs or foxes. Great flocks of crows (or ravens) had gathered in the vicinity of our dead pig. Upon our return to camp we had a bath in the creek, followed by a sauerkraut and weenie dinner, which was very welcome.

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\*They had taken along a reflector oven.



Thursday—The skunks visited camp last night, tapping and stepping through the leaves, filled up from the garbage pit and departed without being disturbed, although I must say the visit disturbed us some, but could have been much worse.

While visiting the trap we sighted a boat on the horizon coming straight for us, and, of course, everybody knew it was Rody, and, when he answered our signal (made from an improvised flag), we knew we were right. With him, as Cabin Boy, was Joe Sexton. They towed us home to camp and loaded us up with sacks and boxes of muskmelons, peaches, vegetables, etc., and we went to camp to prepare a meal for our guests. Joe did pretty well for his size, but Rody wasn't hungry and only ate sparingly of our baked mackerel, Spanish rice, lobster salad, hot bisquits and apricot marmalade, sliced peaches, coffee, etc. However, he said he had enough, and, as we were too full, let him do the dishes. After lunch they brought up their kodak and took some pictures of the camp and creek, and we found that the films we had brought up were the proper size for their kodak.

They wanted to be on their way as soon as lunch was over, but somehow we worked it so they took us for a boat ride, going down to Orizaba, then up the coast past Fryer's, Point Diablo, Arch Rock, Mary's Harbor, Gull Rock, Lady's Harbor, stopping at Valdez Harbor, where we went ashore and explored the cave and beach. On our way back we set the sail and opened her up and slid home in no time, riding the swells like a toboggan. Rody felt his appetite returning a wee bit, so we had a light lunch and found the proper way to eat green lima beans is to get a large plate heaping full, then cover the mess with salt, pepper and lots of sugar, followed with boiled ham, onions, Chili sauce, dill pickles, toast and some more beans, finishing with jam and crackers and tea.

We spent the evening around the campfire singing, telling fish stories and listening to Rody's tales and experiences in these waters . . .



The Camp (Other tent was at left)

Mrs. S. Morton



Our guests departed for parts unknown, while the girls mixed up some more bread and put the loaves to bed in a blanket to be baked in the morning. Rody's wild tales of killer sharks, wild hogs, Indian bones, eels and skunks have turned the girls up to a point where if a skunk shows up in camp tonight we will all have to climb a tree. We go to bed with a horrible outlook for the night to come, but the thoughts of a wonderful day spent with Rody and Joe.

Friday—The night was not so bad as anticipated. The skunks visited us as expected, but we left them alone and they were kind enough to reciprocate. Spent the morning washing, baking and cleaning up. Then brought in the trap preparatory to returning same, as we have more crawfish in the receiver than we can eat before we go home. Tried for mackerel, but only caught one big one, which we fried for lunch upon returning to camp. This is the first time we have had to throw away cooked food, but when you know that besides the fillet of mackerel we had potatoes, fried onions, string beans, new bread (lots of butter), pickles, olives, etc., you will forgive us.

Loafed around awhile in the afternoon and then went exploring along the hillside and up the canyon. While inspecting a moonshiner's camp we stirred up a yellow jacket nest and Ella and I got stung immediately, but Marion and St Clair got too good a start as we all tore through the brush up the canyon. However, we were followed, and Marion received her share and Ella a second sting later. I was stung on the arm, but modesty forbids me describing the girls' wounds. We finally beat them off and returned by another route.

Upon our return to camp we were called to the beach by the whistle of the *Sea Wolf* and were informed that they would land another party the next day at noon and we could return at that time, so we decided to make another try at pig hunting. Toward evening we climbed the steep canyon wall and went out on the ridge above the harbor. Didn't see any pigs, but the view from the cliffs in the evening was wonderful and well repaid us for the effort. Went sadly to bed, expecting this to be our last night in camp.

Saturday—Got up early after a miserable night. I think all the skunks on the island have collected in our camp and spent the night trotting around our tent through the dry leaves until sleep was impossible. Some of the more ignorant ones decided to come inside the tent, and for protection I lit a candle and placed same on the ground, covered up my head and went to sleep. This served the purpose of keeping them outside, but it did not disturb the convention outside. We were fortunate to get only a couple of whiffs of their breath through the night, but it was enough to warn us what would happen if we got reckless and tried to drive them away.

St Clair and I went fishing, but luck was against us, so we returned, had breakfast and dismantled the camp and lugged everything to the beach, where we awaited the arrival of the *Sea Wolf*. There evidently was a misunderstanding as to the day we should depart, for our ship did not arrive this day. To kill time we went out and caught enough fish to bait the trap, as we wanted some fish to take home with us, and we could see another chance to replenish our stock, which we lost this morning by





Luxuriant Vegetation at the Pools

Mrs. S. Morton

breaking the line which held the receiver and turning loose all those we planned to take in. This done, we made a temporary camp and proceeded to get a good night's sleep away from our friends the skunks, who now have undisturbed and entire access to our old camp.

Sunday—Everybody had a fine night and awoke to a clear day and calm sea. Went out and got a fine catch of mackerel. Also, our trap delivered us ten crawfish and we were on the rocks collecting a sack of mussels when the *Sea Wolf* hove in sight, so we hurried back to camp to collect our luggage and get on board for our trip home. We warned the new party coming in of the skunk convention, but they were all enthusiasm and game to tackle anything. God help them. Went on board and proceeded to Pelican Bay where we had lunch and found the party that the *Sea Wolf* had brought over on the regular Sunday Excursion. Also met up with the finest bunch of men I have ever seen out on a camping trip. They proved to be a party of ten Los Angeles policemen, Secret Service men and detectives on a two-week vacation, and they were surely having the time of their lives. Spent a couple of hours at Pelican Bay enjoying their "close harmony" and horseplay, and departed feeling that we had known them for days instead of hours.

The trip across was through a choppy side swell, which puts most of the passengers' heads over the sides continually, but our party of hardy seamen and seam women never blinked an eye, and were as fresh upon arriving as when we set sail. This is a record breaker for Ella, but it entitles her to the high rank of "Sea Dog," and she can look down on those Landlubbers that made a mad rush for the landing when the boat arrived. The Mortons were at the dock to meet us, and after taking our luggage to our respective homes, St Clair and I joined the rest of the party at a regular dinner at the Mortons', after which we went home to bed. The trip is over and another year of hard work ahead of us, but we still have the memory of the finest vacation possible.

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# THE ONTIVEROS ADOBE

By Lillian Smith\*

Within a fifteen-mile radius of the City of Santa Maria, California, are a surprising number of adobe buildings and remnants of adobe buildings. None are more serenely situated than the Ontiveros adobe completed in 1858.<sup>1</sup> The adobe house was built by Juan Pacífico Ontiveros near the junction of the Cuyama and Sisquoc Rivers. It faces a broad expanse of land once used for grazing livestock. Today that land supports a flourishing vineyard.

The two leagues of land upon which the adobe house was built were known as the Rancho Tepusquet or Santa María. The approximately 8900 acres was a Mexican land grant to Tomás Olivera (Oliveira) in 1838 by Governor Juan Bautista Alvarado (O'Neill, 1939). The land known as Rancho Santa María was bounded on the north by the division line of the counties of Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, on the east by the mountain range and the Rancho Cuyama, and on the south by the lands of Francisco Cavallero and Foxen's rancho at Tencapii (sic) (Preisker and Preisker, n.d.).

Tomás Olivera was the son of Ignacio Olivera who had been a sergeant at the Santa Barbara Presidio in 1782. In the early part of the Mexican Period in California Tomás Olivera lived with his family at Rancho San Isidro (Benefield, 1951: 59).

In the seventeen years following the Mexican land grant to Tomás Olivera, and until the death of José Olivera in 1855, the lands of Rancho Tepusquet or Santa María changed hands many times. In 1850 the rancho was purchased by Henry Carnes for the sum of \$42. The land was exposed to public sale for non-payment of taxes, and Carnes had offered the highest price. The deed to Carnes is dated December 10, 1850, and the consideration was \$42 (Preisker and Preisker, n.d.).

In August of 1852, Rancho Santa María was restored to María Antonio de Olívera, José Olivera, and their children. The consideration was one dollar. The land was purchased from Henry Carnes. On the death of José Olivera in 1855, the rancho lands were sold for \$3,000.

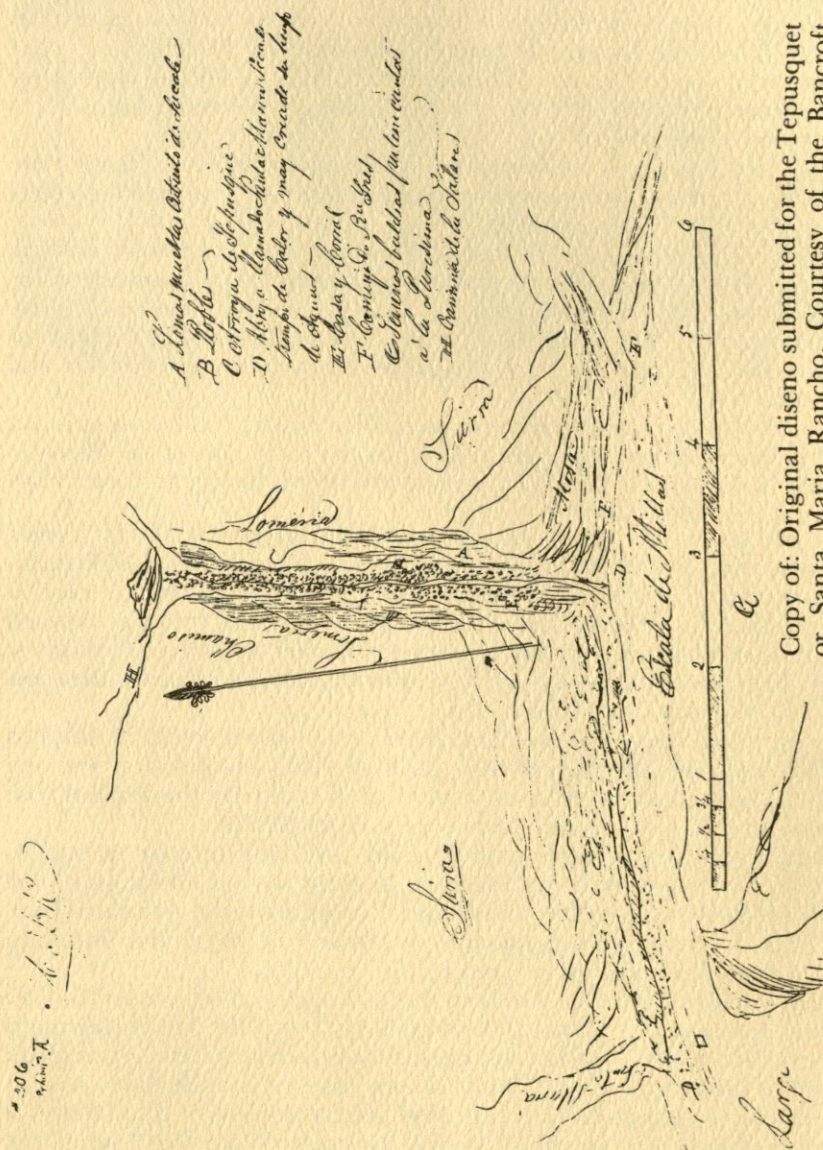
Juan Pacífico Ontiveros gained right, title, and interest in and to Rancho Tepusquet or Santa María in 1856 for the consideration of 350 head of picked cattle and 30 picked mares. According to the deed dated June 17, 1856, the land was purchased from Mathew H. Biggs and Domingo Davila (Preisker and Preisker, n.d.).

Juan Pacífico Ontiveros was born in Los Angeles on September 25, 1795 (Orange County, California, Genealogical Society, 1969: 54). He became a corporal at the Mission San Gabriel, and for his services there he was given a tract of land known as the Rancho San Juan y Cajon de Santa Ana in what is now Orange County. He later sold a portion of this land to a German colony. It was this colony of German people that formed the community of Anaheim on the land in 1857 (Benefield, 1951: 59).

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\*Lillian Smith is a graduate of the University of Washington, Seattle, and has fulfilled the requirements of the Anthropology Department of UCSB for a degree in Anthropology. She is a University of California Extension lecturer, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Santa Maria Valley Historical Society.





Copy of: Original diseno submitted for the Tepusquet or Santa Maria Rancho. Courtesy of the Bancroft Library.



After moving to Rancho Santa María or Tepusquet, Juan Pacífico Ontiveros began to build the adobe house on the ranch lands in 1857. He completed the adobe house a year later in 1858 (Morrison and Haydon, 1917: 364). The adobe had a high-pitched roof which was at one time covered with tiles. Today a shingled roof protects the thick adobe walls which measure thirty inches across. The adobe bricks were made from clay and water reinforced with straw or dry grass. It is estimated that approximately 10,000 adobe bricks were needed to complete the three-room adobe house. In 1948 Cullimore (1953) wrote that he found the Ontiveros adobe with "six large rooms in a row, with porches on both sides." Three of the missing rooms may have been constructed of lumber and may either have collapsed with time or been removed.

The sala, or living room, of the adobe house has a fireplace which appears to be a part of the original building. It is said that it efficiently heats the entire adobe house. The small room directly to the west of the sala was used to celebrate Mass by Fr. Sanchez of Mission Santa Inés. A niche in the wall of this room houses a small cross. Fr. Sanchez was known to have participated in the bustling life of the rancho, attending many of the meriendas (picnics) and fiestas there. The room directly to the east of the center living room is the bedroom with the stairway to the upper floor. The upper floor of the adobe is an open attic-like room once used for sleeping quarters.

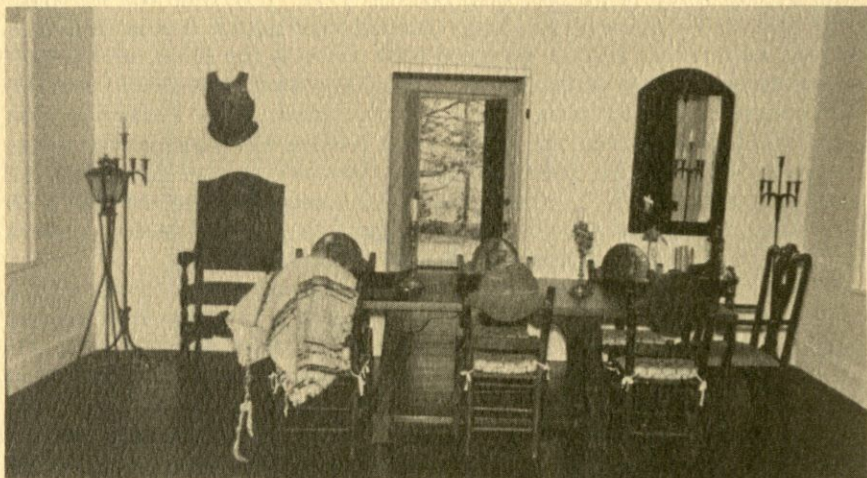
Among the many interesting features of the adobe house is the small dormer window which protrudes from the room in a southerly direction. The small window was a lookout station where visitors riding up the canyon toward the house could be spotted easily. Architecturally, it is a New England-style feature of the house.

The Ontiveros adobe is only a league away from the Foxen adobe on the Tinaquic. The Foxen rancho is still owned today by descendants of Benjamin Foxen. Juan Pacífico Ontiveros was related by marriage to the wife of Benjamin Foxen, Eduarda Osuna. He was married to Martina Osuna, who was sister to Eduarda, on November 24, 1825 (Orange County, California, Genealogical Society, 1969: 54).

The Foxen church built on the Tinaquic in 1875 is the resting place of both Juan Pacífico Ontiveros and Benjamin Foxen. Before the Foxen church was built, members of the Ontiveros family were buried in a family plot near the Ontiveros adobe. Juan Pacífico Ontiveros died at the age of 82 on March 7, 1877, two years after the completion of the Foxen church (Preisker and Preisker, n.d.).

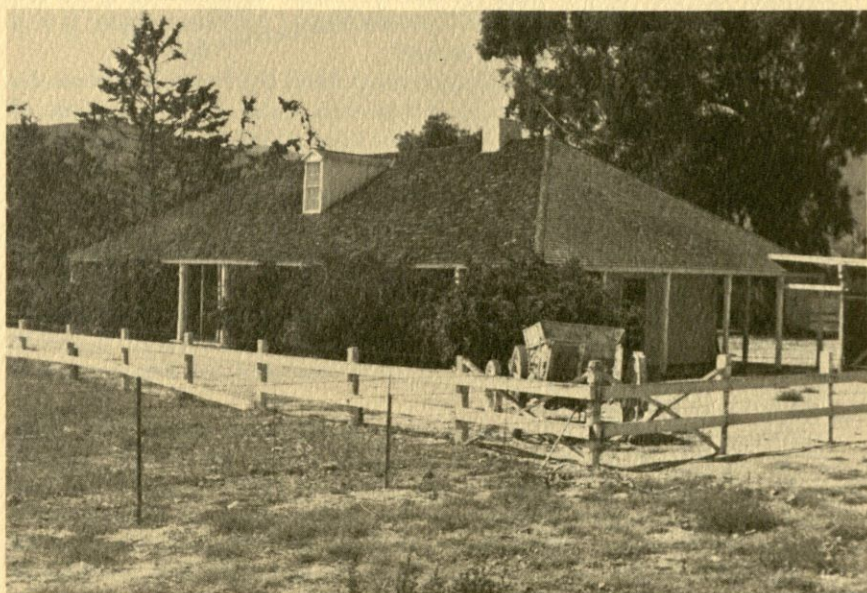
In 1868, following the enactment of the Homestead Act of 1862, Juan Pacífico Ontiveros secured a land patent from the United States Government giving him right to the Rancho lands under U.S. law. Ontiveros' youngest son, Abraham, who was 27 at the time of his father's death, farmed two thousand acres of the original land grant until about 1900. He successfully raised grain and stock, breeding fine horses and cattle. He also grew large quantities of grapes, olives and walnuts. To irrigate his land, he built a reservoir which held water from the springs in the mountains. The water was piped to the building for household use. He





Dining Room, Ontiveros Adobe

Lillian Smith



Ontiveros Adobe

Lillian Smith



later moved to a home at 525 East Main Street in Santa Maria (Morrison and Haydon, 1917: 369).

In the 1930's about one-quarter of the original land grant and the adobe house were purchased by Captain G. Allan Hancock. Captain Hancock called his land La Brea ranch after the historic Rancho La Brea which he owned in Los Angeles. The Ontiveros adobe restoration work began in 1956. Flagstone from a quarry in a nearby canyon has been used about the adobe in a number of ways. The floors of both the ramada, in the eastern portion of the courtyard of the adobe, and the kitchen off the ramada are fashioned of the flagstone. A pathway of flagstone leads to the house and encircles it.

The thick adobe walls have been carefully whitewashed, and only a small crack or two give a glimpse of the original clay used to make the adobe bricks. A shingled roof replaced the remaining tiles. A decaying wooden floor was replaced with a new one. Such a wooden floor would have been a luxury to many of the *senoras* and *senoritas* who lived in the adobe houses of the mid-nineteenth century. An early writer portrayed life in the adobe houses as a strange mixture of poverty and splendor. As the women moved about their homes, the hems of their expensive skirts often swept dirt floors (Zarakov, 1976: 3).

After Captain Hancock passed away, the land about the adobe was sold. The adobe house, however, remained in a life trust to Mrs. Marian Hancock. Presently, the land is leased, and a flourishing grape vineyard known as the Bien Nacido Vineyard almost surrounds the adobe.

The serenity of the canyon where Juan Pacifico Ontiveros built his adobe house still remains. It is interrupted only occasionally by the explosion of an automated machine designed to scare the birds from the vineyard. A few cattle and horses oversee the courtyard of the adobe house where stand a flat-bed wagon and a brea (tar) - hauling wagon brought from Los Angeles by Captain Hancock.

The history of the Ontiveros adobe is not yet completed. It endures quietly and implacably. Other hands will mold its future. For now, the care and respect which the Ontiveros adobe reflects will assure that its walls will not soon return to the earth from which they were made. This same care and respect also reflect a measure of the depth of belief in the need to preserve such an historic site and in the importance of the history of Spanish California.

1. Morrison and Haydon (1917: 364) note that Juan Pacifico Ontiveros began to construct his adobe house in 1857, completing the house the following year. Clarence Cullimore (1948: 193) writes that the home which served the Ontiveros family was built in 1830. Perhaps this is a typographical error as O'Neill, 1939, in a compilation of Santa Barbara land grants shows the Rancho Tepusquet or Santa Maria to have been a Mexican land grant to Tomas Olivera (Oliveira) in 1838.





Dormer Window of the Adobe

Lillian Smith



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## MUSEUM NEWS

As this issue of *Noticias* goes to press, our long-awaited ORAL HISTORY PROJECT is in the process of organization.

Dr. Marian Ashby (with her husband, UCSB's Dr. G. Wesley Johnson, she presented the Oral History Workshop at our California Historical Societies Symposium here in February) will head the project for the Society. She expects to have a team of trained interviewers ready to go into action by July 15, and a second eight-week interviewer training session has been scheduled to begin in September.

Present plans call for an Oral History Office to be set up at the Museum. Armed with tape recorders and expert interviewing skills, our history seekers will be mining what is expected to be a rich lode of golden memories as they visit with selected members of the community who have participated in important regional events and developments over the years.

The material they gather will be professionally researched, edited and catalogued to provide a valuable new kind of historical resource. It is expected to reveal, among other things, the human side of themes that have heretofore consisted mainly of names, dates and places.

If you are interested in training as a volunteer interviewer for this exciting new Historical Society project, contact Mrs. Griffiths, Museum Director.

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DR. ROBERT MILLER, our Librarian, knows that the County School's History Fair held last spring attracted enthusiastic participation of many local high schoolers. He had the pleasure of providing source materials from the Library for at least 50 students who were writing papers for the event. Subjects ranged far and wide—adobes, historic hotels, ranches, theaters and the wharf, to name a few.

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MIKE REDMON is a new member of the Museum staff. A UCSB graduate with a master's degree in history, Mike came to us from the Carpinteria Historical Museum, where he directed an oral history program. In addition to performing a wide variety of duties at our Museum, he instructs a class in Western Civilization at SBCC.

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We are offered "the darndest things." The latest—we were invited to acquire a large 1850 vintage casket! Our storage space limitations and the fact that the article was in very poor condition precluded our accepting. May some other time . . .

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If you could possibly devote an occasional Sunday afternoon to hosting the exhibits at Fernald House and the Trussell-Winchester Adobe, you'd be warmly welcomed to the ranks of those who perform this important volunteer function for the Historical Society.

The beautiful old homes at 414 W. Montecito Street are opened to visitors from 2 to 4 p.m. each Sunday, and your services as tour guide are urgently needed. Telephone Emily Stephens, 682-7674 if you can help.

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A new PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBIT at the Museum is a special salute to Santa Barbara's Bicentennial Year. It displays a collection of rare old photographs of familiar local sites and doings selected from our files and blown up to reveal remarkable insight (hindsight?) and detail.

Keith Gledhill and our photographer, Bill Dewey, have worked very hard to prepare this rare look at "the way we were." Be sure to see it, and tell your friends about it, too.

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Have you enjoyed the reminiscences, diaries and letters published in *Noticias* in the past two years? If so, won't you share your own manuscripts with Historical Society members in *Noticias*? Telephone the editor, Mrs. Clarence Rouse, 962-2766, or leave material with Dr. Miller in the Gledhill Library.

The Historical Society has available to our members only a limited number of autographed copies of *Fourteen at the Table* by Horace Sexton at the special price of \$75 each. It is a charming recollection of growing up in the Goleta Valley almost a century ago.

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The INDEX to *Noticias*, Volumes 1 to 26, 1955 through 1980, is now available at the Historical Museum. Because of increased production costs, the price is \$3.


Virginia D'Alfonso

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**QUARTERLY BULLETIN  
OF THE  
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
136 EAST DE LA GUERRA STREET  
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93101**

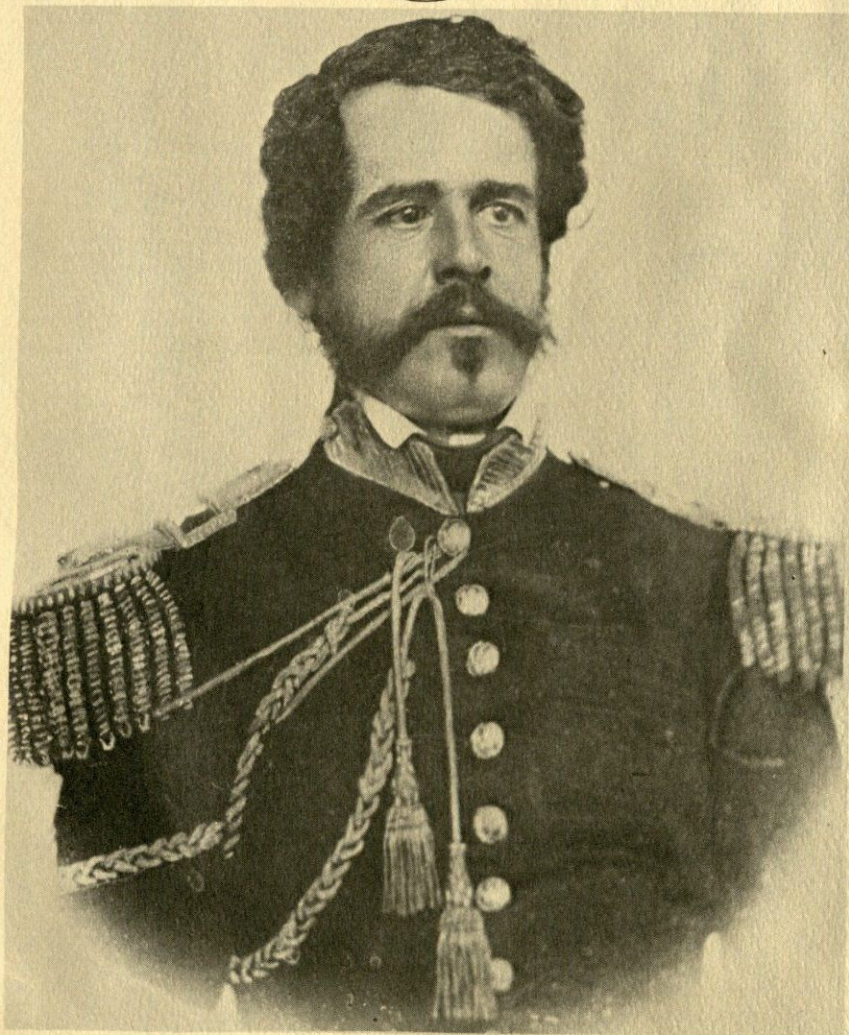
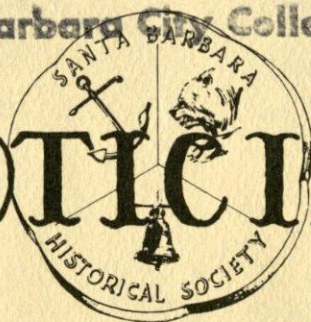
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# NOTICIAS

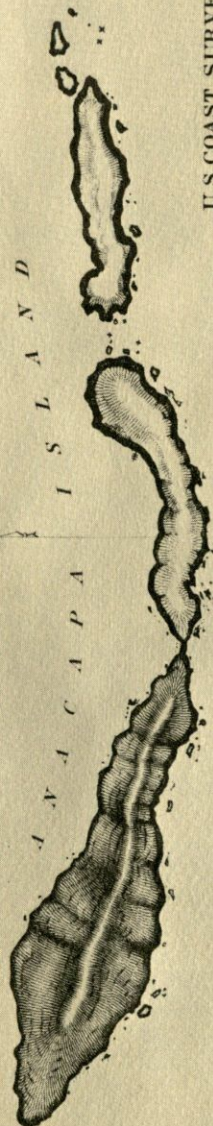


Captain Antonio Maria de la Guerra

S.B. Historical Society

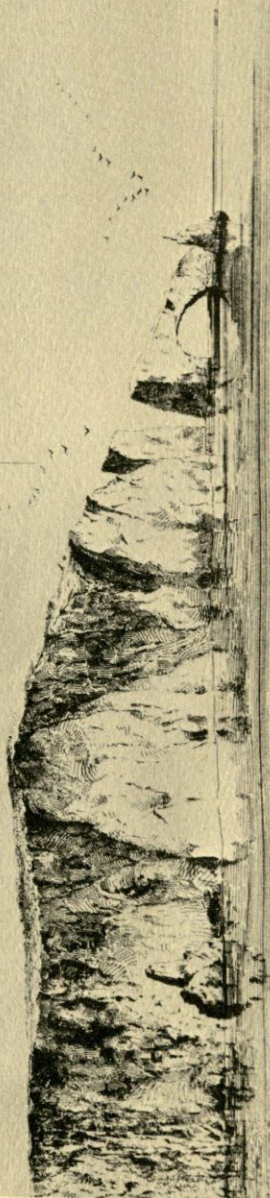


U.S. COAST SURVEY  
A. D. BACHE, Supdt.  
Sketch of  
**ANACAPA ISLAND**  
IN  
SANTA BARBARA CHANNEL  
By Lieut. T. H. STEVENS, U. S. N. ASSIST. U. S. C. S.  
1854



Note  
Anacapa Island is due East of Santa Cruz Island in  
approx. Lat. 34° 00' and Long. 119° 23' W. from Greenwich  
Observatory.  
Variation of the Magnetic Needle 13° 21' E.

Magnetic Meridian



View of the Eastern extremity of Anacapa Island from the Southward

S. B. Historical Society

Whistler's version of Anacapa Island, U. S. Coast Survey



# WHISTLER AND THE COAST SURVEY

By Stella Haverland Rouse

A governmental body frequently mentioned in connection with Pacific Coast affairs is the Coast and Geodetic Survey, which has provided aids to coastal navigation for many years by means of nautical charts and reports of harbor and coastline conditions. The Survey, founded in 1807, is the oldest technical and scientific organization in the Government. President Thomas Jefferson was authorized by Congress to establish a survey of the eastern coast.

The service first was called the Coast Survey, but after geo-magnetic surveying was authorized in 1843 and geodetic surveying was instituted in 1871, the name was changed to Coast and Geogetic Survey. As duties of the agency have been expanded with the introduction of modern transportation facilities, the agency has become responsible for aeronautical charts, and has also been assigned seismological studies, and many other functions evolved because of modern inventions and developments.

In the 1850s the Coast Survey was studying the Pacific as well as the Atlantic Coast when James (Abbott) McNeill Whistler brought attention to Santa Barbara because of his brief employment in the Coast Survey. The word "mother" usually is the one associated with Whistler because of his painting, "Arrangement in Black and Gray, No. 1," done in Europe in 1872. However, his name is connected with Anacapa Island in many of his biographies. The Literary Digest in July, 1931, devoted an article to his aberrations in the Survey office, and the Los Angeles Times recognized the centennial of his sketch of Anacapa Island with seagulls flying overhead, with a story in September, 1954.

Whistler was the son of George Washington Whistler, who enlisted in the American Army after surrendering as a British soldier at Saratoga. He entered the new Military Academy at West Point, and became a distinguished Army Engineer. He helped survey the boundary between the United States and Canada, and later was an important figure in planning railroad routes over the United States. He was engaged for the Czar's Russian railroad project, and the family lived in Russia for several years, where the young Whistler was exposed to art and was enrolled in the Imperial Academy at St. Petersburg.

James' mother took the children to London for a while, and the young boy stayed in London with his older half-sister and her husband, where he had further contact with the art world. He wrote to his father in Russia that he wanted to be a painter, saying that he hoped that his dear mother (a rather puritanical woman) would not object to that career. She wrote back that she would like to have him become something more practical, like an architect or an engineer.

Whistler's father succumbed to cholera and a rheumatic heart in Russia April 9, 1849, and James' mother brought their children back to America in July. Up to that time the family had been fairly affluent, since Major Whistler as a railroad planner had earned a large salary, approximately \$1000 a month.

Because of their current strained financial circumstances due to the death of the breadwinner, and because Mrs. Whistler's brother, too, had attended West Point, Mrs. Whistler decided that the young man should



secure an all-expense-paid college education in engineering and military tactics at West Point. Through the influence of friends, Whistler was appointed at the age of sixteen. However, his temperament was not suited to discipline and a military life, and in the academic field he did not receive high grades. He had been number one in drawing, however, where, in addition to his class work, he sketched caricatures of the cadets, officers and visitors, instead of applying himself to his studies.

After he was dismissed from the academy at the end of his third year because of poor grades and many conduct demerits, he secured work in Baltimore, with the family of an older half brother, but there, as an apprentice draftsman, he disrupted office routine.

In November, 1854, he found a new job with a Captain Benham, an official of the Coast Survey in Washington, and a former friend of his father. There views of harbors, landmarks, coastal marks, etc. were reproduced as navigational aids. Production was from copper plates, and in learning to do those, the results presaged his undisciplined reproduction of maps, for in a two-day instructional period, he added to the margin of a copper plate drawing of Boston Harbor, several heads of people. But his map work was finely done, so he was employed at \$1.50 a day.

His well-publicized drawing of Anacapa Island was done a short time later. A Navy lieutenant, working as an assistant in the Coast Survey, sent a report to headquarters recommending against establishing a lighthouse on Anacapa Island. Accompanying it was a sketch by W.B. McMurtrie of the "eastern extremity of Anacapa Island, from the southward," as well as a map of the island. Whistler added two flights of seagulls to the sketch, which his supervisors promptly deleted. A few years ago, a News-Press reporter stated that Whistler was on the Coast Survey boat, but that was not the case.

Hours of employment at his office were from nine to three, but Whistler seldom arrived on time, because he found night diversions with old family friends, which kept him up till late hours. Once a fellow draftsman was assigned to bring him to work on time, but that procedure was unsuccessful because when called upon about 8:30 in the morning, Whistler dressed in a leisurely fashion, made coffee for himself and his guest, and dawdled so much that they both arrived about 10:30.

He was so bored with map-making that sums were deducted from his pay for absenteeism. Whether he resigned or was dismissed is not known, but he was unemployed by February 12, 1855, after having learned the process of etching in a very demanding school.

He had intended to stay at the Coast Survey for a year, then go abroad and study, so he went to Europe to study art. His brother, George, promised his fare for the trip and a monthly allowance. From that time forward, Whistler was a painter and etcher, and while many of his studies are of people, there are a number of European waterway scenes, which could be reminiscent of his Coast Survey sketching.



### COAST SURVEY REPORTS

The Gledhill Library has a rare old volume of 1855 Coast Survey reports which arrived during the year when Whistler left that office. The *Report of the Superintendent* reveals some of the topics studied by the men, for the information of mariners and prospective settlers.

Among the questions of particular importance that year were the location of lighthouses on the coast and on the Channel Islands. There was an unfavorable opinion regarding placing lighthouses on Santa Cruz or Anacapa, because of the steep terrain, lack of water and heavy surf. One report recommended a light on San Miguel, which, with another at Point Concepcion, would guide ships to the western entrance of the Santa Barbara Channel.

A report February 5, 1855, recommended a light at Santa Barbara harbor, because wood, water and building materials were convenient to the site, and land could be bought from the city reasonably. By the end of that year a lighthouse was constructed.

In a chapter on the physical geography of the mountain ranges of California, the report pointed out the contrast between the Atlantic coastline and the Pacific, and the lack of many suitable harbors along our coast due to the steep terrain.

Off the Pacific Coast in several spots from Point Concepcion to San Diego, "submerged mountain chains" were valuable to the geographer and hydrographer, since they indicated the probable position of shoals, rocks and longitudinal valleys beneath the sea.

Point Concepcion received due recognition as a "prominent feature in the outline of the California coast between San Francisco and the peninsula of California." It was recognized as the "Hatteras of the Pacific," and a place where mariners noticed a sudden change of climate and meteorological conditions. Reports noted that navigators approaching the Santa Barbara Channel could recognize their location by "the peculiar odor of bitumen in the region of a bitumen pit eight miles west of Santa Barbara."

The surveyors "discovered" a "rich mine of sulphur" on the coast fifteen miles west of Ventura, where the ground was very hot.

The kelp of our channel was compared to that of the Straits of Juan de Fuca. A surveyor reported that the immense fields of kelp floating offshore here could be a good source of income, if proper equipment and laborers were available for harvesting. (Years later commercial kelp harvesting flourished here.) Navigators were warned of encountering kelp beds that fouled their equipment.

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## CAPTAIN WILLIAM E. GREENWELL

By Stella Haverland Rouse

The name most frequently associated with the Coast Survey in Santa Barbara was that of Captain William E. Greenwell, who served with the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey for almost forty years. He was born in Maryland in 1824, and graduated from Georgetown College. After studying law with a judge in Washington, D.C., for a while, he joined the Coast Survey on the Gulf of Mexico for a time, and in 1855 was transferred to the coast of California, taking charge of a party of surveyors under General Ord. He worked in Washington, D.C., during the early part of the Civil War, then in 1863 returned to California to rejoin the coast survey here, becoming expert in working out a practical scheme of triangulation along the coast. During his first years of duty along the Pacific Coast he used as his transport ship the schooner Humboldt, chartered by the government for this service.<sup>1</sup>

On January 1, 1872, the *Press* announced that Captain Greenwell was erecting a handsome residence on the corner of Bath and Montecito Streets (303 W. Montecito).<sup>2</sup> It had a frontage of thirty-six feet on Montecito Street and fifty-four feet on Bath Street, exclusive of a rear wing eighteen by twenty-four feet. The first story was fourteen feet high, the second, thirteen feet. There were eight rooms, fitted with modern improvements which included gas, water pipes, also a bathroom and eight closets.

The frame structure, well timbered and braced, was set on a solid stone masonry foundation. Outside of the frame structure there were brick walls. The roof was "finished with pediments on each side, with a heavy bracket finish. The bay window, portico and observatory roofs are concave on the upper surface, the latter being surmounted with an iron railing." The portico had a bracket and open finish, supported by composite columns. The mullion and bay windows had "double pilasters, cast iron caps, etc."

The observatory was commodious, and afforded a "charming view of the harbor and town." The westerly projection of the building provided the parlor and family chamber with an alcove, lighted on each side.

Off the chamber was a large dressing room separated from it by sliding doors. The parlor was provided with a bay window. The main hall was eight feet wide; stairs were a half circle, finished with fillets and brackets; there were black walnut railings, over which hung a circular dome light set with ground cut glass. The windows were glassed with one light of glass in each sash. P.J. Barber was the architect, "Mr. Orr" was the carpenter, and "Mr. Joy", the mason. It was badly damaged in the 1925 earthquake.

Like many other Yankee homes here, it was built on a block of land. Captain Greenwell owned another portion of land nearby, and invested in other property in the surrounding area. It was located in the lower part of town where wells could be sunk and water easily obtained. The homes of more affluent residents frequently were built on comparatively large parcels of land, with many shrubs, an orchard of fruit trees and space for a garden.

Although Captain Greenwell's earlier years here were occupied with work for the Coast Survey which frequently took him out of town, he participated in many Santa Barbara activities later. He was one of the founders and promoters of the Union Club, organized March 18, 1872. It was formed as a social club for quiet entertainment, by the most prominent people socially and intellectually. Monthly dues were \$5 at first, later



reduced several times, finally to \$1.50, so that it was less exclusive than when founded. There were attractive quarters in the Odd Fellows Building, with good books and billiard tables.

After about ten years the club was dissolved over the issue of establishing Santa Barbara's hotel and business district "uptown" or "downtown." Some members kept the name of the Union Club and moved to State and Canon Perdido Streets; the others stayed in their old quarters and reorganized as the Pioneer Club. Greenwell was one of the supporters of this group.<sup>3</sup>

An event by which many Santa Barbarans remembered Captain Greenwell was the shooting of a lion near his home August 25, 1882.<sup>4</sup> Reports by "a number of sensible and reliable citizens" of sighting a lion prowling around the lower part of the city in August, 1882, had stirred considerable concern among residents, who could hardly believe the stories. Israel Miller, president of the Gun Club, called a meeting of members for a systematic search of the area discussed. Not only members of the Gun Club, but marksmen from Goleta and Carpinteria, as well as interested citizens who had "sufficient energy and pluck," were invited to meet at Miller's store at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of August 26 for their raid.

The Gun Club wanted dogs, too, to aid in searching a dozen different localities from the marshy areas of the Arroyo Burro to the Mesa hills and swampy Burton Mound and brushy Mission Creek. But the club asserted that it wanted no crowd of curious men or boys to hamper the serious activity, conducted "under the strictest discipline," and subject to the orders of "Captain Brown."<sup>5</sup>

That hunt never took place, for the lion was killed on the morning of August 25, according to the *Weekly Press*, August 26, 1882. The incident was "so remarkable that the report was at first received with much incredulity." Charlie Greenwell and H. Grey were given credit for slaying the beast. The lion was believed to be ravenously hungry, for his body showed that he was very emaciated. He had been seen prowling around Burton Mound early in the morning, and a number of men were hunting him with dogs and guns. He was spotted by Charlie Greenwell and Pierce Curran "coming up Montecito Street from the direction of the creek."

When the animal jumped upon the porch of the Greenwell home, and then stuck its head through the open window of the dining room, the ladies in the house thought it was a dog. Then, on recognizing the beast as a wild one, "a hasty exit was made from the breakfast table."

Outside, Greenwell and Curran thought the animal was weak from hunger, for it seemed indifferent to their presence. Seeing that its tail protruded through the picket fence, Curran attempted to grasp it and capture the monster. But he decided differently when the animal responded with an infuriated bound and a threatening snarl. Mr. Grey secured a gun and fired a shot into the lion's jaw, then Greenwell fired a shot into the lion's heart as he was about to spring on his pursuers.

The *Press* emphasized that this incident was "remarkable" because the Greenwell residence was "situated several blocks inside the city limits, and only a few blocks from the central portion of the town." It was believed to have come down from the mountains, striking the beach below Santa Barbara, and then to have followed the shore to Burton Mound.



San Francisco newspapers enjoyed exaggeratedly publicizing any unusual happenings in Santa Barbara, much to the disgust of Santa Barbarans. The *Weekly Independent*, September 2, 1882, quoted the story as it appeared in the San Francisco paper—that the animal had gone onto a porch and leaped through an open window into the room where members of the family were eating breakfast. Our local editor asked facetiously, "Why didn't the telegraph reporter get the full story," that "the lion not only went through the window, but devoured the breakfast that had been prepared for the family, while they sat back in amazement, and on leaving, left his card?"

The lion shooting led to excited accounts of other lions seen about town. On October 18 the *Press* reported that one had been seen "prowling about the Brewery this side of Burton Mound."<sup>6</sup> A dog had been set on the beast, which retreated into some willows, and a few minutes later the canine emerged howling and bleeding, apparently injured by the lion's claws.

Residents speculated that the animal was the mate of the one shot by Charlie Greenwell and his friend a short time earlier. The reporter urged that some of the "good shots which Santa Barbara boasts" should organize a lion hunt to dispose of the beast, or, if necessary, the City Council should employ somebody to watch the spot for a few days and rid the city of the unwelcome and potentially dangerous prowler.

After a lion hunt was planned for Saturday, October 28, a number of "old hunters" like I.K. Fisher and "Mr. Vance" reported that they saw its tracks "by a spring in the willows bordering Mission Creek between Mr. Packard's vineyard and the central portion of the city" (on West Carrillo Street, between San Pascual and Rancheria Streets). Fifteen well-armed citizens led by Captain Chet Brown and Israel Miller searched the bed of Mission Creek and the brushy hill back of the Mesa, and concluded that the animal probably lived somewhere in the wooded canyons of Hope Ranch, and visited Santa Barbara at night for food and water. Swine and poultry in the vicinity were missing, and Captain Brown offered \$10 to anybody who slew the beast.<sup>7</sup> That ended newspaper publicity, and apparently the animal disappeared, or citizens found other topics for concern.

Captain Greenwell lived to be 62 years of age, dying here of "edema of the lungs," August 27, 1886.<sup>8</sup> Captain and Mrs. Greenwell had been close friends of Judge and Mrs. Charles Fernald, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Dibblee, Captain and Mrs. M.M. Kimberly, Dr. and Mrs. James B. Shaw and Henry Stoddard. Their names appeared in lists of guests at many social gatherings. He had acquired many pieces of property here, besides his home place. In the family also was the Greenwell tract, a large acreage including that on which the Samarkand Hotel was established in the 1920s.<sup>9</sup>

Among Captain Greenwell's survivors was his son, Charles B. Greenwell, a civil engineer who lived in Ventura County for many years, but who died in Santa Barbara July 11, 1912, while visiting his mother at her home on Montecito and Bath Streets.<sup>10</sup> In the 1880s he was respectively city engineer of Santa Barbara and deputy surveyor of Ventura County. In 1898 he was elected a member of the Assembly from Ventura County, and in 1900 was chosen State Senator from the district comprising the counties of Santa Barbara and Ventura. After retiring from those duties, he engaged in the grading and construction business as a member of the firm of



Donlon and Greenwell.

Another son, Arthur C. Greenwell, died at the age of 67 September 27, 1931, following injuries suffered in an accident while he was arranging for a dinner at the Yacht Club for yachtsmen in the Santa Barbara to San Francisco Yacht Club Race.<sup>11</sup> He had been active in the yacht Club since it had been reorganized in 1887, and was well known in coastal yachting circles. At one time, he served as Collector of Customs at Santa Barbara.<sup>12</sup> One of his daughters was Mrs. Roy Overbaugh, living then in New York. Roy Overbaugh was an early motion picture cameraman in Santa Barbara.

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## OUR POLISH CITIZENS

By Stella Haverland Rouse

Many immigrant peoples have contributed portions of their culture to Santa Barbara. First there were the Spanish and Mexican colonists. English and Yankee sailors, pathfinders and adventurers came next, and then many other foreigners in the 1880s and later. While there was a comparatively large influx of Scotch and Italian immigrants seeking their fortunes in this new land, there were Jewish, French, German, Irish, Portuguese and orientals who came in smaller numbers and established successful businesses and happy homes here.

Persons of Polish extraction were somewhat "latecomers" to Santa Barbara, although the name Kowalski, probably Polish, was assigned to a westside street by a developer who came to "subdivide" some land near San Andres Street probably as a result of the land boom when the Southern Pacific Railroad came to Santa Barbara in 1887.

The following citizens have been selected to represent the Polish community because of their outstanding contributions over the years to Santa Barbara's fame as a city of beauty and culture. There are many more descendants of both nobility and commoners who in some way have enriched our town or Southern California.

### MME. HELENA MODJESKA

One of the Polish people in whom Santa Barbarans became interested was Mme. Helena Modjeska, a tragic actress of the late 19th century. She was one of a family of ten children born at Cracow, Poland in 1840. Helena became interested in music and acting because of her brothers' activities, and one brother helped her to go on the stage. Gustave Modjeska, her future husband, encouraged her dramatic talents, and when they were living in Bochnia where there were salt mines, Mme. Modjeska acted in a benefit play for Polish salt mine workers with great success. Having gained experience in a traveling company and an engagement at the Warsaw Imperial Theater, she came to America in 1876 for her health, and so that her son could visit the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. By that time, her husband, Modjeska had died, and she was married to Count Karol Bozenta Chlapowski, usually known in the United States as Count Bozenta.

Count Bozenta became interested in forming a small Polish colony at Anaheim, where there was also a German colony. However, the Polish men lost their enthusiasm for communal life and farming, and Count Bozenta lost money in the venture, so that it was necessary for Mme. Modjeska to resume acting. In 1877 she went to San Francisco to study acting and to appear on the stage. Having mastered the English language, she had a long and successful career. She bought a 400-acre ranch in Santiago Canyon not far from Los Angeles. At this summer retreat, named the "Forest of Arden" because of an oak grove there, she entertained many notables.

In 1890 the editors of Southern California held a convention in Santa Barbara. Editors were expected to return to their home towns and praise the virtues of Santa Barbara's attractions and climate, to induce prospective settlers to come here. Among the speakers invited to the convention was Mme. Modjeska, for whom a reception was held at the Lobero Theater, and she was serenaded at the Arlington by Green's Band. Editors then recognized women as being intelligent and entertaining, and at one of the meetings a woman journalist spoke, and a local woman entertained with



humorous recitations. When Mme. Modjeska was introduced, there was enthusiastic applause, and when she spoke, "her sweet voice and graceful manner fairly enchanted the audience."

Theodore Payne, who later was noted for his promotion of native plants for home gardens, worked on the Modjeska ranch for several years, tending the lawns, rose garden and flower and shrubbery borders as well as a large vegetable garden for the actress and nature lover. Mme. Modjeska made her last theatrical appearance in 1907. Her good memory, making it possible to memorize parts on short notice, and a wonderful ability to transfer herself for the time being into the character she was portraying on the stage made possible a successful career in her adopted country.

#### IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI

A Pole in whom Santa Barbarans were particularly interested was Ignace Jan Paderewski, who owned property in both Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo Counties. He was born in Kurylowka, Poland, in 1860, where his father managed estates. Because both his father and his mother had felt the impact of previous political uprisings in Poland, he became particularly devoted to his country and its struggle for independence.

His musical education was begun early in his youth, with piano lessons from a violinist. At twelve years of age he entered the Warsaw Conservatory and after graduation from it, was an instructor of piano there. He and another student, a violinist, made a concert tour of provincial towns of Poland, Russia and Rumania, while they still were students, and then Helena Modjeska encouraged him to undertake concert work in addition to his promising career as a composer.

With his intense love of country, and his motto, "The fatherland above everything, art next," he could not continue his musical career at the outbreak of World War I. In August, 1915, the Daily News reprinted a story from the San Luis Obispo Tribune, that he would develop the 1500-acre Winteroll ranch near Paso Robles, which he had purchased recently. He had visited Paso Robles originally because of the healing waters of the hot springs there. Two years later, he bought a large tract of 2,626 acres in the northern portion of Santa Barbara county near Guadalupe. Later stories revealed that he had bought the land as a refuge for Polish nobility fleeing from their native land. But the war, overturning Russia, and giving Poland back her freedom, changed his plans, and took Paderewski back to Poland as premier of a coalition ministry. He represented Poland at the Versailles Peace Conference. This story cannot review the intricacies of Polish politics, but a change in government and the poverty of his people induced Paderewski to sell his land for a donation to them, but his failure to secure a buyer led him to practice for concert tours in 1922 to aid his impoverished fellow citizens.

On several occasions when he gave private recitals here, usually under the auspices of Mrs. William Henry Bliss of Casa Dorinda, he remained in seclusion in his private car. In March, 1926, his manager stated that Paderewski intended to tour the city to see the marvelous recovery of the city since the earthquake. Paderewski brought three pianos with him, one in his private car for practice, the others expressed here for concert purposes. Paderewski's exercise program was limited, for fear of injuring his hands. In 1940 he came to the United States, and died in New York in



1941. His brilliant career as a pianist and statesman had limited his career as a composer.

#### PRINCE CASIMIR PONIATOWSKI

The name of Prince Casimir Poniatowski is associated with the Crocker-Sperry Ranch (now Birnam Wood). He is a member of a distinguished noble family of Polish origin that for several generations have resided in France. Prince Casimir was born in 1897 in San Francisco. His father, Prince Andre Poniatowski, reared in France among European nobility, was a financier who came to California because of investment opportunities. He and his brother-in-law, William H. Crocker, formed the Standard Electric Company, and he is credited with bringing electric power to San Francisco at a greater distance than had been accomplished before, after a number of difficult problems had been surmounted. In 1904, when Prince Casimir was still a young child, the family returned to France, but two World Wars later, Prince Casimir came to Santa Barbara in 1946 when he and his brothers inherited a Montecito estate which had been established half a century earlier.

The Crocker-Sperry ranch on East Valley Road, also known as Las Fuentes, because of its artesian springs, was bought by William H. Crocker and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Caroline E. Sperry, in 1887. A long article reprinted from the *San Francisco Examiner* in October, 1891, told of Crocker's plans for the place. He intended to raise exotic fruits to be shipped to his home in San Francisco. He would grow some outdoors; for others he would build greenhouses. Charles Frederick Eaton of Montecito was directing the enterprise, where cherimoyas, guavas, passion fruit, bananas, mangoes, pineapples, olives, mandarins and oranges would be raised. A. Page Brown was to be his architect for a huge building of stone, in which the lemons produced on the 268 acres were to be cured, and then shipped to market. Many years later, Thomas Poole, an ex-gardener, told of his being employed by a Ventura Nova Scotian to be mortar mixer on the project, and of his becoming a stone mason for a few years because gardening positions were scarce. The *Examiner* stated that a year would be required to cut the native stone for the building; other stories say that Chinese laborers were used in the work. The facility was used from 1894 to 1942, and several grades of lemons were sent over the United States under the house label.

A huge reservoir, as long as a football field, and 14 feet deep, along East Valley Road near the present gatehouse to Birnam Wood, was constructed to irrigate the lemon trees. It was reported that by 1894, \$300,000 had been spent on the ranch for workmen's cottages, a schoolhouse and other improvements.

The ranch was decreased in size by the sale of 21 acres to the Valley Club of Montecito for a golf course in 1928, and several other small parcels were sold in the late 1920s, leaving 238 acres. Mrs. Sperry had given the land to her two daughters, Ethel Sperry Crocker and Elizabeth Sperry Poniatowski, and in 1943 when Princess Poniatowski died, the Poniatowskis acquired the Crocker interests. Prince Casimir, who managed the property, inherited it with his three brothers, Princes Stanislas, Andre and John.

As early as February, 1917, there had been rumors that the place might be sold for a subdivision, since the land was becoming too valuable for lemon-

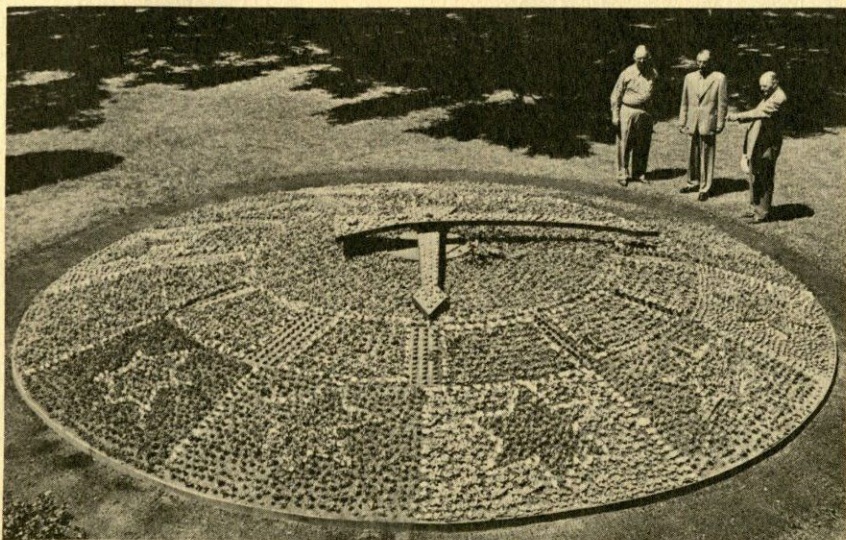


raising purposes. In 1964 the *News-Press* announced that Robert McLean, editor-in-chief of the *News-Press*, would purchase most of the remaining land of Las Fuentes. Prince Casimir still owns a small acreage there, according to acquaintances, but he returned to Europe. The land sold was converted to a fine golf course and upper-income-bracket residences along the scenic fairways. The old stone lemon house was rebuilt to modern safety requirements for the picturesque clubhouse.

#### MME. GANNA WALSKA

Most Santa Barbarans are familiar with the name Mme. Ganna Walska, perhaps our best known Polish lady, because she has lived here for a long time, and because of her many contributions to Santa Barbara's cultural and civic improvements. Press releases, including one for July 7, 1937, reveal that she was born in relative obscurity in Poland. She was educated in Poland and later studied under masters in the capitals of Europe after she became interested in the Imperial Opera. Determined to make good as a singer, she continued to study singing in Europe and New York. After her marriage to Harold F. McCormick in 1922, she found that she preferred to live in Europe rather than in the United States, and purchased a chateau halfway between Paris and Chartres. The Theatre des Champs-Elysees in Paris was a gift of Harold McCormick to her.

After her divorce from McCormick in 1931, she lived quietly in France, making her final appearance on the American stage in 1934. She entertained many distinguished visitors in her 18th century chateau. There was much publicity when she sold her famous emeralds valued at over a million dollars to the former Barbara Hutton in 1936, and additional notice when 146 pieces of jewelry were auctioned by Parke Bernet in New York in 1971. They were reported to be large jewels, since she had worn them on the stage, to be admired by the audience.



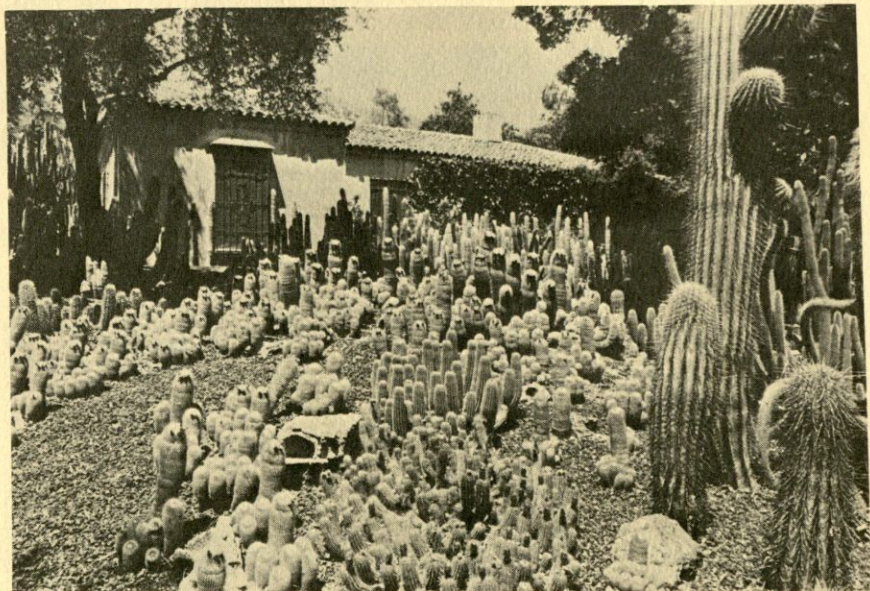
The Clock at Lotusland

Photo by Eldon Tatsch at S.B. News-Press



In June, 1941, Mme. Walska came to Santa Barbara and bought the former Gavit property in Montecito. In February, 1916, the *Daily News* had announced that the "old Stevens property," long recognized for its fine fruit production, had been purchased a short time earlier by E.P. Gavit, a New York capitalist. Situated at the corner of Palm Avenue and Sycamore Canyon Road, it was near the fine homes belonging to Eliot Rogers, George Owen Knapp, Frederick Forrest Peabody and William H. Cowles. Francis T. Underhill prepared plans for the new residence, to be "along the same simple and beautiful lines as the F.F. Peabody home," also planned by Mr. Underhill. The sloping ground was considered to lend itself admirably to extensive landscape work. Mme. Walska acquired the property from Humphrey O. Clarke, a noted British sportsman, who had been summoned to Washington, D.C., for service in the British embassy.

In September, 1941, she bought the palatial El Capitan mountain lodge of George Owen Knapp, built in 1935. It was situated off Refugio Road, in "the only pine tree grove in the area." On the property were a swimming pool, tennis courts, stables and a tall observation tower commanding a view of the surrounding country. The land was later acquired by the Rancheros Visitadores, but finding that it did not meet their needs, was sold to a religious sect for a retreat and school. However, when that body sought to develop the site, it was opposed by the owner of the property on the West Camino Cielo road through which they needed access to the land, and it is occupied by a small commune of the group now. E.R. Jim Blakley says that Vicente Ortega reported that the Mission fathers lumbered native (Coulter) pines there when the Mission was being built, took them down Corral Canyon and floated them to Santa Barbara for use in smaller Mission structures.



Cacti at Lotusland

Photo by Ray Borges at S.B. News-Press



## OUR POLISH CITIZENS

Some large trees were on the Gavit place when she came, and a large lotus pool established by Kinton Stevens, who owned the property in the late 1800s. She made "gardens" of different sections with the proper background of trees. There are several gardens planted with cactus and succulent families, an aloe garden and a "blue garden." There is a fern section, and a cycad or palm group. There are formal gardens, a rose garden, a citrus orchard, and the famous lotus pool for which the estate is named, Lotusland, although earlier stories called it Tibetland.

A landscape wonder perfected in July, 1955, in time for the National Shade Tree Convention here was a twenty-five-foot floral timepiece of succulents and dwarf cacti. The clock was designed by Ralph Stevens, the son of Kinton. A heavy duty electric motor and reinforced aluminum framework for the clock were said to have cost about \$3,000.

Mme. Walska has not sat back and let the gardeners do all the work, although she is somewhat hampered in her activities now. She is out every day, planning and directing, and has hunted new rare plants and rocks for her gardens. When the estate is open for benefit tours, she frequently leads the way.

She has shared her garden with many groups, including the late Pearl Chase's garden tours, and tours promoted as fund raisers for such institutions as Our Lady of Mount Carmel Church, Montecito, the Malacological Society and the Santa Barbara Tree Planting Project. She has been an anonymous donor to many worthy causes, and gave several trunks of beautiful operatic costumes to the Music Academy of the West to inspire students of that institution. She also donated \$10,000 to the city to trim the fronds from the palm trees on Cabrillo Boulevard in 1972.

No gift can compare to the gardens themselves, where form and texture have been artistically combined by the use of many exotic plants which thrive in harmony.

### LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

Leopold Stokowski was born in London in 1882, the son of an Irish mother and a Polish father. He became interested in the organ when he was very young, and learned to play Bach music. He also played the violin and piano, and eventually studied all the instruments in the orchestra to comprehend each player's viewpoint. He left his position as organist at St. James' Church in London to come to New York, where he became organist at St. Bartholomew's Church. Successively he was conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony and then the Philadelphia Symphony, but he resigned when he decided to devote more time to experimenting with music.

Although he became a world-renowned figure in the music world, he held in his heart a special place for Santa Barbara. He had a deep interest in Santa Barbara's Music Nursery School, established along lines he suggested. About 18 pre-school age pupils had attended the school at one time, but in 1948 on a visit here, he advised the teachers to accept fewer children for more intensive work with them. Several brochures on the musical education of young children were published by the Pillsbury Foundation Music School, as it sometimes was called. Donald Pool and Miss Gladys Moorhead were educators at the school at different times.



Besides his involvement in music, Stokowski, like many other Poles, was sincerely interested in products of the soil. For fifteen years he owned a seventeen-acre avocado ranch at 705 Toro Canyon Road, and visited the rustic board-and-batten house there. It was managed by Robert S. Lopez, who said Stokowski was always happy to return here. He had helped to plant the trees from seed. But in 1943 he had the ranch listed for sale. He was to spend the winter conducting for NBC in New York; his musical interests were also much broader in scope, for he had taken his All-American Youth Orchestra to South America on tour, and he had an orchestra in Mexico City.

In 1955 he honored Santa Barbara by accepting the post of musical director of the Pacific Coast Music Festival. While he was here directing four concerts in the Courthouse sunken gardens in September, he was named *Excelentísimo Señor Don de Santa Barbara* by the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce, an honor bestowed upon a few persons of prestige who have been distinguished by their service to Santa Barbara. Although the audience at the varied programs offered by the Music Festival was limited somewhat when a fire raged along the coast, the lectures, quartets, chorales and other concerts presented in the Lobero and elsewhere were greatly appreciated by townspeople and visitors.

#### **TOMASZ GLINSKI**

World War II was the cause of migration of several Poles to our city in the 1950s. Tomasz Glinski, composer-pianist was among them. He fled with his family from his country estate on the outskirts of Warsaw when the Nazis and Communists divided Poland in the early months of World War II. The family estate where he had maintained a racing stable of about thirty thoroughbreds, and had conducted a small orchestra of employees, was confiscated by the Communist government.

In the 1940s Glinski found refuge in Scotland and England, where he was connected with the exiled Polish government. For five years he was in the diplomatic service. While he was in England he made use of one of his hobbies, music. He gave concerts for hospitals, students' centers and clubs. As a member of the Polish Division of the British Armed Forces, he entertained troops in England, Scotland and Wales. There were more than 100,000 Poles in England at the time, and he and other Polish exiles established a small revue theater in London, where songs, poetry and sketches entertained homesick Polish refugees.

Glinski was invited to play at a party given by the Duchess of Kent for Queen Elizabeth on her 18th birthday, and composed a waltz for her. As a wedding gift, he sent a recording of a three-piano composition, with him playing all the parts and combined via recording techniques. Since he was a graduate of the Warsaw Conservatory of Music, he spent some of his time in England arranging music for a ballet and a play and doing other composing.

When the Glinskis left England, they were lured by the California climate, but they heard of Marymount School here through a convent in England, and enrolled their three daughters on the opening of the school year in 1949. The young ladies, Teresa, Anna Maria and Elizabeth or "Lili," were graduated from Marymount, and later attended California universities.



Glinski was a popular entertainer at the Plow and Angel of San Ysidro Ranch for eight and a half years. Then in October, 1965, he was booked for a two-week engagement at the St. Francis Hotel which was extended to a much longer stay in San Francisco, after having made many friends during their sixteen-year residence in Santa Barbara.

#### STEFAN KRAYK

Another musician whose life was altered considerably by World War II was Stefan Krayk. Born in Warsaw, he was the son of a wealthy manufacturer and as a young man became a Polish tennis champion and was active in ice hockey and track. Although he studied law at the Sorbonne in Paris for a while, he found that music was more important to him, and he studied under several European teachers and coaches, including Jacques Thibaud, Pablo Casals, Georges Enesco, Nadia Boulanger and concert artist Carl Flesch.

When Poland was attacked by Hitler in 1939, he flew in the Polish Air Force for a time, shooting down sixteen German planes. He escaped to England and sold his Stradivarius violin to remove his parents from Poland and support them in London. In England he gave concerts for Polish relief, and joined the U.S. Army as a special service officer in charge of concerts, presenting many programs for troops. His three years of service in our armed forces enabled him to become a U.S. citizen a year after he came to this country in 1945.

He joined the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, and later was assistant professor of violin in Oberlin College. In 1950 he joined the faculty of the University of California, Santa Barbara, as a violin instructor, and taught private pupils as well. Krayk contributed to the community's musical life when in the summer of 1953 he helped a small group of local musicians organize an orchestra led by Adolphe Frezin, the distinguished Belgian cellist living in Santa Barbara at that time. He was honored as long-time concertmaster of the Santa Barbara Symphony Orchestra on his retirement from that organization in June, 1981, after service to the orchestra for twenty-eight years. For many years the orchestra presented free afternoon concerts for young people before the adult evening concerts. He is now professor emeritus at the University of California, Santa Barbara.

#### THADDEUS C. SUSKI

In October, 1960, Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus C. Suski purchased the entire historic El Paseo de la Guerra Properties, including Restaurante del Paseo for approximately \$1,000,000, it was announced. While some of the other Poles connected with Santa Barbara admired natural beauty, the Suskis appreciated a man-made creation. Mrs. Suski, the former Irene Bielski, who had acted under the name of Irene Hayes, and in whose name the properties were registered, stated that they had bought them because they loved them, not with the expectation of making money. They would continue to recondition and enhance their historic qualities, she said. Mrs. Suski purchased other property from 810 to 822 State Street and on Canon Perdido to improve the attractiveness of the Street in Spain, and for additional parking. A building costing over \$1,000,000, designed by internationally known architect Victor-Gruen Associates of Beverly Hills was constructed on about an eighty-five-foot frontage on State Street, with



space for two stories of a department store, and offices on the floors above.

Thaddeus Suski was a prominent theatrical producer, who was born in New York in 1919, of Polish parents, who a year after his birth returned to Poland to operate extensive farm holdings there. They came back to New York when the child was eight years old. His education was in American schools and New York University where he majored in English, speech, and drama. After graduation, he appeared in several plays on Broadway with leading actors of the day, and operated a summer theater in New Jersey. He formed Thaddeus Suski Productions, producing, directing and authoring commercial programs for motion pictures and television, and wrote for and directed radio shows like "The Romance of Helen Trent," "Lux Radio Theater," "The Eddie Cantor Show" and "Kraft Television Playhouse." After moving to Santa Barbara, he frequently made trips to New York to promote his radio and television production company and other business interests.

While childhood effects of rheumatic heart disease prevented his active service in World War II, he was commissioned by the government to write and direct the U.S. Treasury Department's bond and recruit series for motion pictures. He died suddenly from the effects of a coronary attack March 18, 1966, at the age of 47.

The impressive store and office building at 820 State Street, beside the entrance to El Paseo, seems a fitting monument to his creative talents and his devotion to Santa Barbara's historic heritage in the short time he lived here. On December 3, 1972, a tile plaque, commemorating the gift the previous year of El Paseo and Casa de la Guerra to the Santa Barbara Trust for Historic Preservation, was dedicated. The historic landmark had been presented in memory of Thaddeus C. Suski by his widow, Irene and their children, Thaddeus C. Suski, Jr., and Irene Hayes Suski.

In the past, Polish people have been members of Santa Barbara's art colony. In October, 1976, a Polish American Art Association was organized here to acquaint the community with the Polish heritage and the role Poles have played in the development of western civilization. *Polish Americans in California, 1827-1977*, published by the Polish American Historical Association, presents brief biographical sketches of a number of Poles now living here and contributing to our cultural life, and there are several others who have adopted Santa Barbara as their home.

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## CIVIL WAR VOLUNTEERS

By Stella Haverland Rouse

Although Santa Barbara's Spanish Civil War volunteers played what they considered a very menial part in the War of the Rebellion, they did serve in a necessary capacity in Southern California for a short time.

William H. Brewer, who was traveling at the time of the war's outbreak, making a geological survey of California under Josiah Joyce Whitney, tells in *Up and Down California* about hearing the news of the attack on Fort Sumter April 12 and 13, 1861. The "mail" with the news reached Brewer's camp at San Luis Obispo April 27, and probably by the next day Santa Barbarans knew that fighting had begun, but it was not until June 2, 1864 that the volunteer army was organized here.

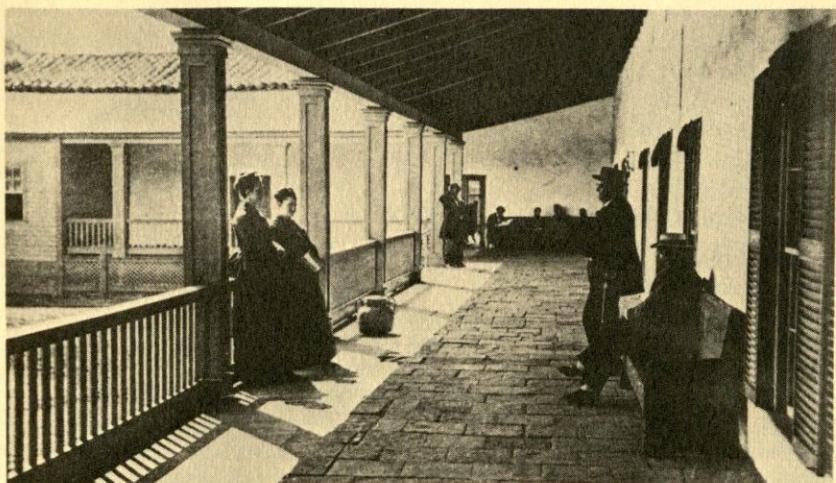
Securing recruits from far-off California was somewhat of a problem. Washington leaders feared that drafting men from California might leave the state vulnerable to attack by Secessionists, and there were many Spaniards in the country who still resented the takeover of this western territory by the United States and were unwilling to fight. Most of the Santa Barbarans of the volunteer group, comprised of Spaniards, enlisted and were mustered into the army July 25 or 26, 1864. A few enlisted in August. There were ninety-nine members of Company C, First Battalion of Native Cavalry.

According to William A. Streeter's "Recollections of Historical Events in California, 1843-1878," Don Pablo de la Guerra "turned Union man for the sake of securing the office of District Judge." He was a leader in the community, so his relatives and friends enrolled to form a company like the ones which had been formed in Santa Clara and San Jose combined, in Los Angeles and San Francisco. Having been reared in the saddle, they needed no cavalry training as did many Yankee soldiers. Headquarters were in an adobe on Anacapa Street.

The men brought their own horses for more than a week's march to Los Angeles late in August. They reported to General Winfield Scott at Drum Barracks, Wilmington, September 2, where Major John C. Cremony was commander of the native California battalion. The men spoke little or no English, so 1st Sergeant Juan de la Guerra, who had attended the College seminary at Santa Ynez, was the interpreter. Officers of Company C were Captain Antonio Maria de la Guerra, 1st Lieutenant Santiago de la Guerra and 2nd Lieutenant Porfirio Jimeno de la Guerra. Antonio was a brother of Don Pablo; the officers were nephews of Antonio.

While the war may have had a glamorous appeal, the men were disappointed that they were kept in the Los Angeles area for a year. According to Santiago de la Guerra, they were "sent to San Pedro to guard the water tanks. We patrolled along the water front and guarded the shipping" for more than a year. Then they were sent to Arizona for several months as border guards. Their most exciting activity was a battle with four hundred Yaquis. After the surrender of General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox April 9, 1865, they went to Fort Yuma, Arizona Territory, then to Camp Lucas in Baja California. A steamer took them to San Francisco where they were mustered out April 2, 1866. Thompson and West's *History of Santa Barbara* says that Captain de la Guerra "returned with broken health incident to the exposure in the service," and O'Neill says that by 1874 he was blind. A big fiesta greeted them when they arrived in Santa Barbara by boat.





Captain Antonio Maria de la Guerra (seated) with family members S.B.H.S.

Among the Santa Barbara Volunteers were ten men not from this area who enlisted at Drum Barracks. Most of the men stayed with the company until their mustering out in San Francisco, April 2, 1866. Six were discharged earlier for disabilities; two died of consumption and four deserted.

The sergeants from Santa Barbara who endured to the end were Pedro Cota, Juan Carrillo, Vicente Garcia; Corporals were Miguel Pico, Jose de Jesus Calderon, Santiago Cantua, Ramon Pico, Abran Ayala, Antonio Rodriguez, Jesus Soto, Florencio Ofida, Bugler Rafael Pico and Bugler Ysmael Soto.

Privates were: J. de la Luz Arillanes, J. Vincente Arillanes, Ramon Ayala, Felipe Badillo, F. de Jesus Badillo, Francisco Cordero, Jose Antonio Cordero, Juan de Jesus Cordero, Loreto Corrales, Romaldo Cordero, Miguel Cota, Ramon Durazo, Clemente Espinosa, Joaquin Espinosa, Francisco Garcia, Jose Dolores Garcia, Jose Maria Garcia, (1st), Jose Maria Garcia, (2nd), Manuel Garcia, Manuel German, Miguel Gilber, Antonio Gomez, Diego Gutierrez, Leandro Juarez, Matias Lara, Bernardino Lopez, Ermenejildo Lopez, Francisco Lugo, Jose Lugo, Jesus Madruena, Carlos Morean, Pio Moreno, Antonio Olivas, Jose Victorino Olivas, Santiago Olivera, Nicolas Orellana, Vicente Ortega, Cleopas Ponce de Leon, Jose de Jesus Rodriguez, Pedro Rodriguez, Jose Antonio Romero, Pedro Romero, Juan de la Cruz Ruiz, Roman Samano, Francisco Saragosa, Juan Soto, Jose Valdes, Narcisco Valencia, Pablo Valencia, Jose Maria Valenzuela, Juan Valenzuela, and Pedro Vermudes. (Spelling is according to *Records of California Men in the War of Rebellion, 1861-1867.*)

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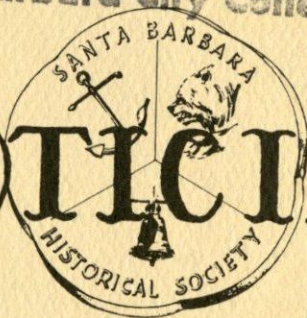
  
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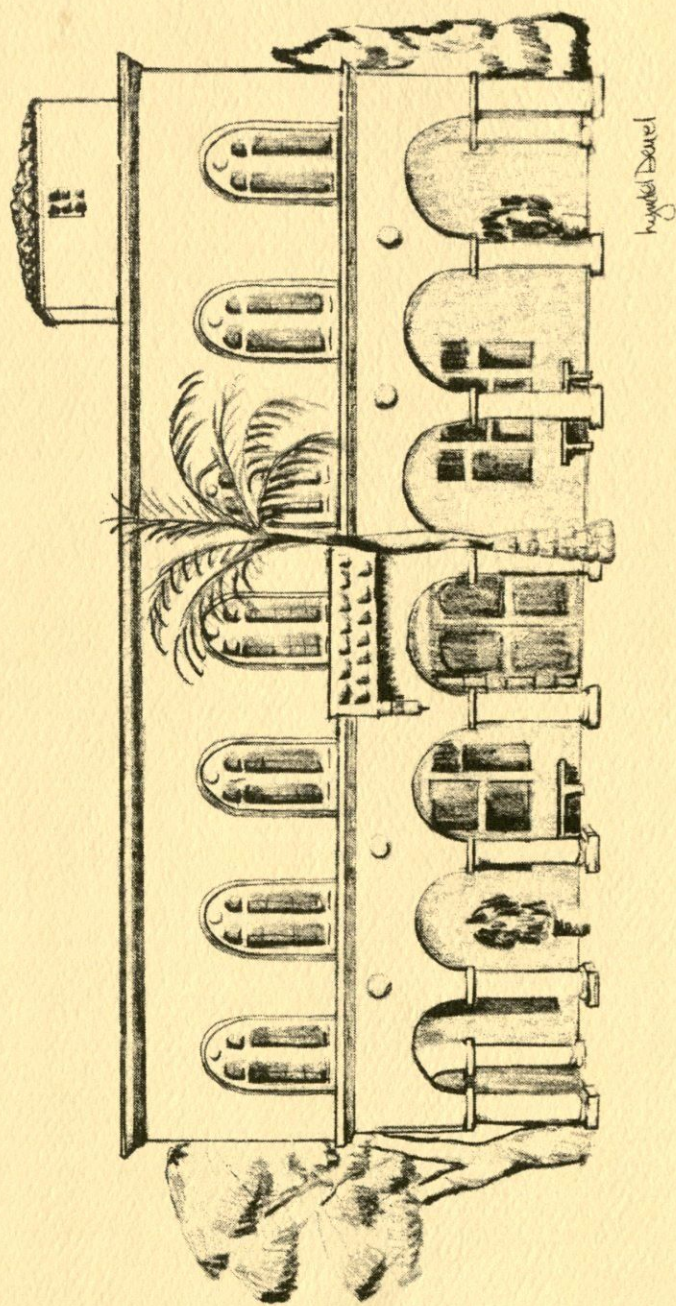
Dr. Hilmar O. Koefod

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Santa Barbara Clinic, designed by Carleton M. Winslow



## DR. HILMAR O. KOEFOD

By Yale B. Griffith\*

It was in the fall of 1918 that this young physician came to Santa Barbara, primarily for his own health. He joined the staff of the Nathaniel Potter Clinic, predecessor of the Sansum Clinic. He was a man destined to leave a great mark on this community. He arrived in Santa Barbara with the best of credentials. Hilmar Olaf Koefod was born February 10, 1888, and raised in Glenwood, Minnesota. His parents, Eilert and Clara Rigg Koefod, were Norwegian and Eilert Koefod had moved to the United States in 1882 where he had two brothers. Hilmar attended Beloit College in Wisconsin where he was graduated in 1911. He was the first ever chosen at Beloit for Phi Beta Kappa. He then stayed for one year and taught chemistry. He next won a scholarship at Harvard Medical School, where he was graduated in 1916 *summa cum laude*.

He was always an outstanding student and was most fortunate in winning scholarships. He was most appreciative of the help he received and all his life was a generous contributor to Beloit and Harvard Medical School. He took his internship at Peter Bent Bingham Hospital in Boston in 1916-17. In those days internships were very different from the present plan. The poor intern received \$25 per month or less as salary. He received board and room in the hospital and was expected to be on duty most of the time. It was a rugged training, but an efficient one. Obviously, this was a system in the days before the interns had already married and had families to support. Today an intern can receive a salary as he starts directly out of medical school of \$1,000 to \$1,500 per month.

The following year he did postgraduate work in London with Sir James McKenzie, Sir William Osler and Sir John Parkinson on a Moseley traveling fellowship. It was Harvard Medical School's only traveling fellowship. He entered the army in 1918, but was invalided out soon, due to diabetes. Dr. Henry Christian advised him to come to Santa Barbara, partly for the climate and to work with the Potter Clinic. This was before the days of insulin, but this Clinic was doing great pioneer work with the problem of diabetes.

In 1919 he went to San Francisco as assistant to Dr. Herbert Moffett, Dean of the University of California Medical School. He taught half time and worked with Dr. Moffett and Dr. Bartlett. It was while he was in San Francisco that he was approached by Dr. Rexwald Brown and George Owen Knapp, a distinguished Santa Barbara philanthropist. Dr. Brown's report on the formation of the Santa Barbara Clinic, now called the Santa Barbara Medical Foundation Clinic, is worth quoting:

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\*Yale Griffith was Dr. Koefod's long-time attorney and friend. He is a native Santa Barbaran and practiced law here until his retirement January 1, 1979.



"In the latter part of 1919, and in the early months of 1920, enthused by my experiences in the World War where I learned the advantages of grouping of doctors in the treatment of disease and injury, I advocated the idea of collaboration among many of the doctors in Santa Barbara. At my home and in my office, many meetings were held between invited doctors to discuss the likelihood of establishing a medical group in this city. I talked this matter over with my lay friends, but my enthusiasm, and the seeds of my ardour fell on stony ground, except for the souls of Dr. Benjamin Bakewell and George Owen Knapp.

"Dr. Bakewell and I agreed that there were real constructive possibilities of joining forces for the organization of a medical group. After a time Mr. Knapp, then at the height of his organizing abilities, said, 'Go ahead, get your associates, I'm willing to finance the experiment.' Dr. Bakewell and I realized, having been general practitioners for years in active competition with each other and with the other doctors in town, that there was not time in our lives to enable us to keep up with the rapidly increasing developments in all branches of medicine. We determined to create a group of older men and invite younger ones who were to be specialists. Our first decision was to ask Dr. Hilmar Koefod who was then practicing with Dr. Herbert Moffett in San Francisco. He had already created a most favorable medical and personality impression in Santa Barbara in his association with the Potter Memorial Clinic. While the clinic building was being erected in the fall of 1920, Dr. Koefod and I practiced in the San Marcos Plaza, during which time Dr. Harry Henderson, a promising young man, finishing in the metabolic department of the Cottage Hospital, became associated with us as an assistant, with the intention of entering the proposed group. Dr. Bakewell continued his individual practice in his own building."

Mr. Knapp became increasingly interested in the plan for a group practice. He bought the land at 1421 State Street and proceeded to build the first clinic building according to the plans of these three doctors. Then he rented it to them at \$1.00 per year and loaned them \$35,000 to furnish, equip and start the clinic. For several years, he continued to give them the benefit of his sound business judgment.

Dr. Koefod was married on June 20, 1919 to Ernestine Marie Herz, a Santa Barbara school teacher, who joined him in San Francisco and then returned with him to Santa Barbara when he returned in 1920. They had one daughter, Marie, usually called Mimi, now Mrs. John T. Berdan, who was born in Santa Barbara in 1924.

The great success of the Santa Barbara Clinic must be credited in great part to the three men who started it: Dr. Rexwald Brown, the surgeon with his dynamic force, his vision and his great belief in cooperative medical organization; his fearlessness of adverse criticism, his tenaciousness of spirit and kindness of heart; Dr. Benjamin Bakewell, the obstetrician and gynecologist, with his business ability, power of adjustment and his infinite care of details; Dr. Hilmar O. Koefod, specializing in internal medicine, with his splendid training and medical equipment, his high regard for medical ethics and his interest in scientific development.



When the clinic was opened for practice on January 22, 1921, there was a total of seven physicians and surgeons. The three original founders had brought in four others at the opening: Dr. Harry E. Henderson was an internist specializing in lung or pulmonary conditions; Dr. Henry Profant, specializing in eye, ear, nose and throat; Dr. Hugh Freidell, an internist specializing in gastroenterology; Dr. George E. Farman, who only stayed a short time, specializing in urogenital disease, and urology.

Others were added to the staff in the first few years in order to cover more completely the many fields of medicine. The three founders decided to take only young and well-trained men. Among the early ones to join the clinic staff were: Dr. Irving Wills, a general surgeon; Dr. William Moffatt, an endocrinologist; Dr. Frank Hombach, an ophthalmologist; Dr. Arthur Bissell, surgeon; Dr. Lawrence Eder, an obstetrician and gynecologist; and his brother, Dr. Howard Eder, a pediatrician; Dr. Alfred B. Wilcox, a general and insurance surgeon; Dr. Rodney H. Atsatt, an orthopedic surgeon; Dr. William R. Hunt, an ear, nose, and throat specialist, and Dr. Neville Ussher, an internist.

The growth of the clinic was gradual, as the need for more and more specialists became apparent. The group spirit grew among the doctors, and the public of Santa Barbara began to grasp what the group stood for. I have only reported those who joined the clinic in the first ten or twelve years, and most of them remained for the rest of their practice.

The present large clinic building with 64 doctors is a great tribute to these three pioneers. Dr. Koefod outlived the other two founders, finally retired in 1962, and died February 14, 1974 at age 86. His active interest in his old patients and in the clinic continued, and his great civic activities grew in the years following his retirement.

The clinic was opposed and criticised by many independent local doctors. There were letters to the editor, complaints with the state and local medical associations, and many difficulties. Many doctors were jealous and concerned about ethics, and the claim that publicity about the clinic was advertising. They and other people were afraid that the establishment and rapid growth of the Santa Barbara Clinic and the Sansum Clinic would be the end of good family doctors and independent specialists. Hilmar Koefod was a tactful leader in quieting such opposition. He helped to build a relationship of cooperation and friendship with independent doctors. He was a leader in planning discussion meetings and bringing in distinguished experts to discuss the latest developments in medicine. Fortunately, the criticism and opposition cooled off and independent doctors have learned that the entire medical profession is strengthened by the presence of these two well equipped and well staffed clinics.

When the clinic opened, there were only five staff members other than the doctors. They were carefully selected and well qualified. They included a receptionist, two nurses, a bookkeeper and a secretary. The secretary was my aunt, then Blanche Hardy, later Mrs. N.D. Platt. She had worked with the three founders as a registered nurse. They sent her to secretarial school so that they could have a secretary who knew medical language and problems. She was there for eighteen years and built up the clinic staff. It



was through my frequent contacts with her, as well as being a patient of Dr. Koefod and others that I became so interested in the clinic. When my aunt left to be married in 1939, there were about forty staff members besides the sixteen doctors. Now there are 220 medical support personnel.

The growth of the clinic was very rapid because of the great need to cover the numerous medical specialties. The clinic acquired three additional portions of the block. The first structural addition was built in 1927 and in 1930 there were substantial additions to the building, both widening it and adding a second floor. Then in 1928 the clinic remodelled an old building on Chapala Street. Finally, the doctors began hunting for a new location where they could erect a larger and more complete building, with plenty of parking. Dr. Koefod as the survivor of the founders, and still full of energy and enthusiasm, gave his leadership to the move. The new building at Calle Real and San Marcos Pass was completed in 1967. Dr. Koefod had then retired, but continued his association.

The founders of the clinic were not only interested in promoting the best medical service for their patients, but also in providing a comfortable living and financial security for the young doctors who joined them.

In 1936, the three original partners wrote a Declaration of Principles which is set forth in the first book of clinic history. It certainly shows that these were men of great and high principles, with ideals to be carried out. When Dr. Brown retired in June of 1937, following an illness and an auto accident, he was widely written up in local papers and national medical journals.

At the start, the three founders were the only partners and the other four were on salary. It is fascinating to read the many agreements made over the years from 1921 to 1981. About 1927 the younger men were called limited partners, and then were given greater responsibility. Dr. Koefod was generous at all times in promoting the younger men. Of course, they were gradually made full partners. The agreements provided fairly for retirement or death of a partner. During his last years, Dr. Koefod was on a modest salary without any share of profits and was free to work as much as he liked, and his health permitted.

While Hilmar Koefod started as a general internist and family doctor, he became a distinguished heart specialist. Early in his career he specialized in military heart cases during and after World War I. He wrote a much discussed article in *Lancet* about his findings that smoking had an adverse effect on the heart. It was the first such medical determination. He became a Fellow of the American College of Physicians and was a member of the American Medical Association and the California Medical Association, and was president of its medical section in 1933.

He was called frequently as a witness in court cases where heart conditions were involved.

He was one of the group of doctors who went to Point Arguello in the Spring of 1922 to help with the great Naval catastrophe. Seven American destroyers were completely lost and four more seriously damaged when they hit the rocks in a heavy fog.

Dr. Koefod had an extraordinary memory, and it was invaluable in



making friends for the clinic and himself. I have heard many younger doctors tell of his ability to remember by first name all of the doctors here, both in and out of the clinic.

He had a great devotion to his work and an open-mindedness which impressed me on more than one occasion. I remember one experience which proved to be fascinating to me. There was an elderly couple here who died of what appeared to be simultaneous heart attacks, and they were found late on Christmas Day of 1953. They had been dead some thirty-six hours when they were found. The police and coroner naturally took many photographs. Since they had no children, the public administrator started the administration of their estates, and their trust company which had handled their affairs in Honolulu became involved. The trust company in Honolulu and its attorneys agreed that if it was possible to prove that the husband had died first, it would save at least \$25,000 in inheritance and estate taxes. They therefore consulted a physician and an outstanding cardiologist there, and he said that it would be impossible, that when people had been dead as long as thirty-six hours you could not tell which one had died first. The Hawaiian trust company turned to me to handle the estate at that point, and I puzzled over this problem.

I then decided that it was something we should not give up without further investigation, and I called my friend, Dr. Koefod, and discussed it with him. I was amazed at his open-mindedness. He agreed, of course, that it would be too late to tell from such things as the condition of the body just which one had died first, but he said there may be other things. He said, "Can you get the photographs which show the situation, and can you get me copies of the autopsy reports so I can see what was the cause of death and in some detail?" I got him what he wanted, and he made quite a study.

I was so delighted with his testimony when we finally presented it in court. The situation was that the husband had been found sitting in a chair, leaning back with his head resting on a pillow on his typewriter. The typewriter showed that he had started to write a check and had dated it December 24. He had written the name of the payee and had apparently had his heart attack before he could finish writing the amount of the check. His wife was found dead at his feet, and on the bed in the room was a half-wrapped Christmas present, and in the adjoining room were all the Christmas wrappings where the wife had obviously been wrapping Christmas presents. Dr. Koefod testified that the kind of a heart attack suffered by this man had been such that he could not have lived more than a minute or two, but could not possibly have put the pillow behind his own head.

Dr. Koefod further testified that the wife's heart attack would have stopped her instantly. From the nature of the two heart attacks and from the situations of the bodies Dr. Koefod concluded that the husband must have died first. He could not have lived long enough for his wife to come into the room and put the pillow behind his head.

Dr. Koefod testified in court with such conviction and thoughtful analysis that the court decided at once that the man had died first. It was a great satisfaction that both state and federal tax authorities accepted the



written opinion of Dr. Koefod and the judgement of the court. Thanks to Dr. Koefod, there was a legal tax savings of over \$25,000.

When Louis Lancaster called together a small group to form a new type of luncheon club, Dr. Koefod and I were two of the ten founders. This was in 1946 and the Channel City Club became one of the products of Dr. Koefod's keen mind and originality. He continued to serve on the board of directors of the Channel City Club as long as he lived. It has been a most successful organization and has brought many distinguished speakers to Santa Barbara. The results of his leadership continue long after Dr. Koefod is gone.

Dr. Koefod was so much interested in his patients and in the community of Santa Barbara that he did many unusual things to help both. One that always intrigued me is the situation of his good patient, Louise Woodruff. Mrs. Woodruff was about 90 years old, and was a client of mine. I was rather shocked when she asked me to come to her house, and reported that she had just inherited one million dollars from her sister, and she was furious about it. She said she did not want to be bothered with the management or taxation of it. She had enough to live on, herself, so this was something that thoroughly irked her. She said, "What can I do?" I told her that there was only one good solution—and that was to give it to charity. I explained that this would eliminate the whole problem of management, and all the problems of taxation, and would also do a great deal of good for the community.

She said she had no experience in charity. I suggested that she talk with Dr. Koefod, because he was her doctor, and he had had experience in this. So, she talked with him, and Dr. Koefod agreed with my solution. I then had a call from Mrs. Woodruff telling me, "Now you make a list of charities, and I'll sign it."

The responsibility seemed overwhelming, but I went to work and made up a list, consulted her and learned that she did not want the money for education, churches, or hospitals. However, she was interested in youth activities and other programs. I took the list to Dr. Koefod and asked him for his judgement on it. He approved generally what I had done, but made one or two excellent suggestions. He and I also agreed that it might be wise to have the advice of William Guntermann, the manager of the Santa Barbara Foundation. He also approved, and especially like my idea of a \$300,000 gift to begin the new YMCA, which was desperately needed in the community. Mrs. Woodruff told me that if Dr. Koefod and I approved the list, she would make the gifts at once. She then signed instructions to the bank where the inheritance was located so that distribution could be made. We got the funds ready on Christmas Eve, 1955.

We called in all the heads of the various charities, YMCA, Boy Scouts, Girls' Club, Museum of Natural History, and several others, and told them what Mrs. Woodruff had done. I emphasized that it came about much as a result of Dr. Koefod. The newspapers carried quite a story about these Christmas Eve gifts by a lady who was completely unknown in Santa Barbara, but who had done such a wonderful thing. I was very grateful that Dr. Koefod helped her to carry out this marvelous act. I remember so well



his sparkling enthusiasm as we went over the list. His influence in helping this elderly patient of his, and in helping the community, was beyond the words to express.

It has been the established practice of the clinic to require that doctors retire from active partnership at age sixty-five. This does not mean that he may no longer practice, but after sixty-five he is no longer a partner, but may have an office and a salary. He is not obligated to see new patients and he has no obligation to work more than he chooses. Dr. Koefod had his sixty-fifth birthday on February 10, 1953. He was still in good health and quite active. He enjoyed continuing to see his old patients and increasingly became involved in civic matters, serving Santa Barbara in many capacities.

Dr. Koefod was one who never hesitated to make house calls, long after the days when successful doctors felt that they were unnecessary.

The interest he continued in his old patients was delightful. I recall once when I was making a professional call upon an elderly lady, and he came in. She was so pleased to see him, and he put on his best bedside manner to inquire about her health. He checked her pulse and blood pressure and let her know in his very serious but kind manner that he was interested in her health. She didn't need a doctor at the time, but so appreciated his personal call, as did many of his elderly patients.

He was responsible for the gift to UCSB of the Ina Campbell Hall. The story was told at the dedication of the building by Dr. McKinley Helm. Mrs. Campbell was being persuaded by a young grasping physical therapist to marry him so that he could have her money. Dr. Koefod obtained a court order in the middle of the night to protect her. Her will which provided for the University became thereby effective. One of the nurses had called Dr. Koefod when apparently this young man was about to take Mrs. Campbell to Las Vegas.

In one of his calls on elderly patients he was unable to get in. He felt sure they were there, so he got help to break in. He found the wife dead and the husband wandering around in a daze and not comprehending. He got an ambulance to come and take the husband, and called the family to arrange a funeral. This was just a part of his continuing concern for his elderly patients, but it meant so much that a retired physician took such an interest.

Dr. Koefod was not one who was talented in the kitchen. His daughter tells of an occasion when he attempted to prepare a Thanksgiving dinner for about twenty guests. He was always concerned about germs and started early and burned it hopelessly. He then proceeded to find a wonderful Chinese cook, Wo Gin Jin, who came and continued to live with the Koefods for the rest of their lives. He was very devoted to them and took care of all their needs. We all remember Wo Gin Jin with pleasure and appreciation.

One of Dr. Koefod's principal interests was the Santa Barbara Historical Society. He became a member of the Board of Directors in January 1958 and became one of the most active and capable members of this board. He was elected president in January 1961 and served until he resigned in July 1967.



It was during his presidency that the beautiful new headquarters and museum were built at the corner of De La Guerra and Santa Barbara Streets. It was my privilege to serve with him as a member of the board of directors.

Dr. Koefod was a very persuasive man. He worked with great diligence to raise money and especially to get others to raise money for the building. The corner was owned by Santa Barbara County which had hazy plans for some kind of building, perhaps a museum there. It had been the old gas plant. Supervisor Sam Stanwood was enthusiastic about the Historical Society plans. It was Dr. Koefod who persuaded the supervisors to give the Society a 99-year lease at \$1.00 per year. He insisted upon looking well ahead. He told them that such a building would require a good deal of expenditure by the time it was finished. A shorter lease which they had suggested would interfere with raising building funds. Fortunately, the museum had some excellent endowment funds so the capital campaign for \$250,000 could be assured of a successful operation once the building was completed. Dr. Koefod, with his good friend the late Tom Storke, publisher of the News-Press, persuaded some of their friends to join them in becoming founder-donors. Dr. Koefod persuaded Mrs. Wilson Forbes to head up the campaign throughout the community. Even though the cost ran over estimates, the beautiful building was completed and paid for.

The building was designed by architect Robert Hoyt and the construction was supervised by retired contractor Elmer Whittaker. Dr. Koefod was very active in all of the planning and supervision, as well as the financing.

Dr. Koefod then inspired the purchase of the famous Historical Adobe and Covarrubias Adobe, occupied in part by Rancheros Visitadores adjoining the new museum on Santa Barbara Street. This shows his farsightedness. He was determined that the Society was not blocked in, but had room for parking and access and ultimate expansion. He inspired the purchase of the Cooley property adjoining on De La Guerra Street.

It was with great regret that he retired from his work as president of the Historical Society. The members' great appreciation of his farsighted and truly brilliant work in this area has been expressed many times.

Retirement for Dr. Koefod was no end to his activities. He had a long interest in the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History. He was elected to the Board of Trustees of that organization on October 20, 1953. He continued until May 1969. His concerns there were many, but his interest in the children's department and educational program was a major one. He frequently visited with Irma Cooke, the director of education. He saw the great need for a children's library. Using his extraordinary talent for money raising, he approached many of his friends and obtained substantial gifts to pay the cost of the "Koefod Junior Library." It was completed and opened for activities May 25, 1956. He was a liberal contributor both of time and money for this project. This library provides abundant literature for children and teachers and a pleasant reading room.

It was through his enthusiasm and suggestion that Mrs. Joseph Grafton



Minot gave to the museum her large library of books on naval and natural history. He obtained books from many sources both for the museum's general library and for the children's library.

The museum had long needed a good planetarium and he became much interested in that. He persuaded his patient and long-time friend Winifred Gladwin (Mrs. Harold Sterling Gladwin) to undertake the expense of this project. The Gladwin Planetarium is a facility which has greatly broadened the museum's program of community education. A related and important museum project was the Doris Fay Palmer Observatory opened August 1, 1968. This was another case where Dr. Koefod's enthusiastic and sincere approach was successful in raising funds from the Doris Fay Palmer Foundation.

Harold S. Chase had been an excellent president of the museum for many years, but he persuaded Dr. Koefod to be executive vice president in 1967 and then he was elected president later that year. He always cared a great deal about the museum. He would visit with staff members. He even went on a couple of field trips although he was not an outdoor man. He ascertained what were the needs of each department of the museum and worked to satisfy them.

I remember meeting him at the museum one morning in the winter of 1966-67 following heavy rains. We were told about the bad drainage problem where sewage from septic tanks throughout Mission Canyon had seeped into the area around the museum. His very concerned attitude greatly impressed me. He insisted that something must be done at once. He appointed me on the spot as chairman of a sewer committee. I was already a member of the Board of Trustees. We had to get the Museum annexed to the city to have access to city sewers. We persuaded the Old Mission to join in the annexation proceedings. Dr. Koefod raised money and the sewer was built. He and I used to meet nearly every morning about 8:30 to supervise. It is not in sight, but is a very important new feature of the museum.

He served through the terms of several Museum Directors and worked with great diligence to find good directors. Fortunately, he had the great help of Nora Morres and Waldo Abbott throughout his service on the board. Each of them served as acting director. He finally retired in May, 1969 at age 81. His service to the museum and through it to the community were truly extraordinary. He helped so many people to share in the development of the museum.

It has been the practice of the Santa Barbara Advertising Club for a great many years to choose the Man of the Year. Many public nominations and recommendations are obtained. Great care is taken to choose a man who has given outstanding public service to Santa Barbara. This great honor was given to Dr. Koefod at a luncheon on January 9, 1967. The citation for Dr. Koefod as the 1966 Man of the Year describes him as "A key figure in organizing and maintaining of high standard of his profession, a man who has assisted numerous young people in and out of his profession and a man devoted to his city and this area." He was a founding member of the Riviera Improvement Association, the Moore Dental Foundation. His citations



include: The California Historical Foundation "for outstanding contributions to California History", Harvard Medical School "for maintaining rich traditions of the school", Cate School "for invaluable advice during the terms of three headmasters," Santa Barbara Medical Clinic "for vision, inspiration and ideals over many years."

It would be quite short-sighted to give any report about Dr. Koefod without saying at least a little about his very wonderful wife, Ernestine. She became a great leader in Santa Barbara and an inspiration to Dr. Koefod. They entertained a great deal in their home and included people in all walks of life and all ages. They invited me to visit their home as a young man and many times thereafter. She was very active in civic affairs and her interests and activities would surely warrant an entire article.

It was my privilege to serve as personal attorney for Hilmar and Ernestine Koefod for the last twenty years of their lives. I drew several wills for them and was always impressed with their fairness, generosity, and thoughtfulness. Hilmar Koefod had served for many years on the Santa Barbara advisory board of Bank of America. He had a close association with that bank, and Jack Howland, head of the trust department, was a good friend. It was natural to name that bank as executor. The wills provided for many charities in which the Koefods had been interested for years. Of course, they provided generously for their long time and devoted Chinese cook, Wo Gin Jin.

It was fortunate that Hilmar Koefod retained his full mental faculties as long as he lived. He had only a year or so when his health was failing. He still enjoyed having his friends visit with him and he entertained them with sparkling enthusiasm. My wife and I had a visit with him in the hospital only the day before he died. He was most interested in following the conversation about our many mutual interests. He had the most remarkable sparkling blue eyes. My last memory of him is the way those eyes followed and watched me as I talked.

Dr. Hilmar Koefod was a truly great leader and citizen of this community and a very great doctor.

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

It has been a pleasure to have the help of many old friends of Dr. Koefod who furnished information. Mrs. Harry F. Henderson, Mrs. Henry J. Profant, Mrs. Alfred B. Wilcox, widows of three of the early doctors; Mrs. Gwen Smith, an early and long time clinic employee; Mrs. John Berdan (Mimi Koefod), daughter of Hilmar and Ernestine Koefod; Dennis Power, Executive of the Museum of Natural History; Mrs. Henry Griffiths, Executive of the Santa Barbara Historical Society; Hobart O. Skofield, an old patient of Dr. Koefod; Dr. Kevin Fay, an independent physician and friend of Hilmar O. Koefod; Pam J. McColl, Carol Warden, and my wife, Lucille Griffith, who helped greatly with typing and editing.

Further credits are due to Dr. Wilton A. Doane, and Dr. Erno S. Daniel, both presently on the medical staff of the Santa Barbara Clinic.



## *SANTA BARBARA'S FOREST RESERVE*

By Stella Haverland Rouse

According to a local newspaper story, May 26, 1907, forestry work in Santa Barbara County dates back to 1900 with the formation of the Santa Barbara Forest Reserve, setting aside, under previous proclamation by President William McKinley, more than half a million acres of land to protect the district against fires.

By January 1, 1902, according to the Morning Press, there were two forest reserves in Santa Barbara County, set apart and maintained by the U.S. Government. One was the Western Division Pine Mountain and Zaca Lake Reserve, created by executive proclamation March 2, 1898, and the other was the Santa Ynez Reserve, established by executive proclamation October 2, 1899. There was a combined area of over 800,000 acres created to protect timber and insure continuous water flow.

It was stated in 1902 that since the reserve system had been operated in Santa Barbara County, the total area burned over on the two reserves was only three hundred and fifty acres, in spite of the fact that each ranger covered a vast territory. Several fires had been started, some by natural causes, others by carelessly abandoned campfires, which rangers extinguished quickly.

In February, 1906, the Morning Press announced that Santa Barbara County would be one of the first in the state to follow the forest protection policy outlined by the last state legislature. It had enacted a law wherein it was a misdemeanor for a land owner to start a brush fire, even on his own land, and he would be charged with negligence if such fires were started and spread to government land.

Counties were empowered to appoint a patrolman, who would serve on a salary. He could call upon six or more other citizens to act as fire wardens in their respective districts, and they would be paid for the actual time spent in fire fighting. Other citizens were required to respond to fire fighting calls in case of emergencies, and they would be paid for the time so spent. Santa Barbara supervisors were instructing the District Attorney to draft an ordinance conforming to the new state law, and expected to appoint a fire patrolman soon, to protect the county against the spread of brush fires.

In 1913 subscribers to a fire fund raised money for equipment placed in convenient locations in tool boxes of the forestry service. Keys to the boxes were obtained from nearby farmers when there was a fire. In June, 1913, there were twelve boxes strategically placed along the base of the mountains in the Goleta area. There were many boxes along Hollister Avenue beginning at Ontare Road and going as far northwest as the junction of Refugio Road. There was also a box at the corner of the old San Marcos Road and Cathedral Oaks Road, and others at crossroads farther up the coast.

Seven boxes were placed in Montecito, one of them as high up as Mountain Drive, near the bridge at Cold Spring Creek. In that valley they were concentrated in a smaller territory than were the boxes in the Goleta area.

A "Minute Man" fire guard system had been arranged by former Forest Supervisor C.E. Rachford a few years previously. Under that plan,





Ranger Henry W. Muzzall at Los Prietos, c. 1918

Stella Rouse

volunteers who signed up for duty answered fire calls in their district. On July 27, 1915, a half hundred determined fire fighters met with Forest Supervisor J.R. Hall and other foresters to discuss methods of combatting a rash of fires which had broken out in the area from the Mission to Summerland. The men studied the reasons for the unusual number of forest fires that season. They believed that a system of education of citizens was needed, for they contended that increased travel along the coast had resulted in a greater number of fires, because many motorists were not careful where they threw their cigars or matches, or lighted campfires.

By the spring of 1917 Montecito was well protected by the minute men, divided into six groups under captains in each section of the district. The men answered calls to fight forest fires within their respective territories. In 1916 sixty men had been enrolled in that force. For several years Montecitans had contributed generously to help pay for a special fire guard who patrolled the mountainside back of Montecito in the summer, for by spotting fires early, they could be extinguished more quickly. Surplus money in this fund was used to make trails in the winter. Carpinteria had a similar system, since it, too, was comparatively close to wooded hillsides.

Montecito had a concentrated, tree-dotted valley, comparatively full of people; the little village was fairly close to the mountains, and some of the residents could afford to have a home-owned fire department to protect their mansions. To lower fire risk and thus lower fire insurance rates among the rapidly increasing number of beautiful Montecito homes, a petition for a special election for a direct tax to raise \$10,000 for a fire department was circulated in March, 1917. It was presented to the Board of Supervisors, who would appoint three men to form the Montecito board of fire commissioners.

Meanwhile, residents hoped that even more money would be donated that season, for an extra fire guard working under the forestry service, since



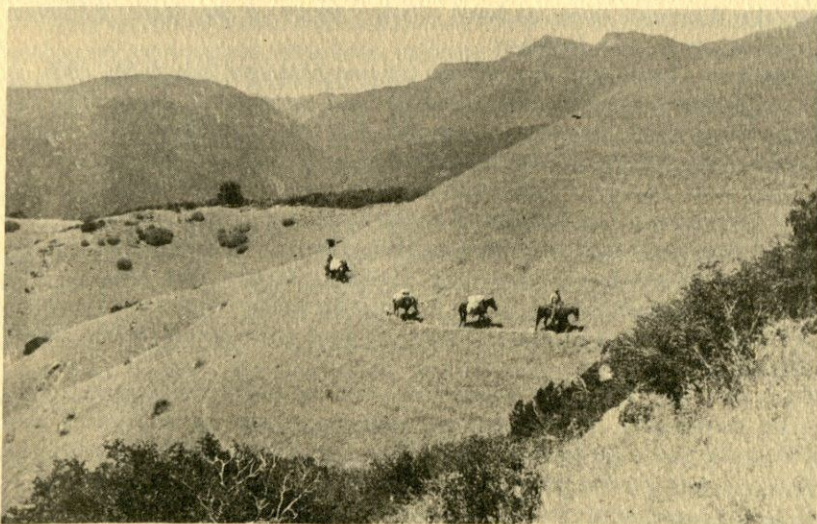
homes were being built farther up the mountainside, and in more exposed places each year. The distance between large mountain homes was also growing less, thus increasing the danger of colossal home fire losses if a brush fire swept the valley.

On June 28 residents of the Montecito Road District were to vote on a proposition to raise \$18,000 by a special tax to build and equip a fire house to protect Montecito Valley. They planned to buy a fire truck similar to that used in Santa Barbara. On the assigned date Montecito voted four to one for a fire district, to have a combination auto fire truck and eighteen hundred feet of hose. Promoters thought that by October they would start to build a modern fire hall, furnished for sleeping and living accomodation for a full force to man the truck. They intended to buy six hundred more feet of hose the next year.

These initial efforts at fire protection resulted in the Montecito Fire District now operating in the Montecito Valley, and set an example for Carpinteria and Summerland to form a district later to protect property and homes between the Ventura-Santa Barbara County line and the Montecito Fire District.

When the United States Fire Reserve was first formed, interested citizens and officials were convinced that there was a close relation between water and forest cover, although conservation as known today was far in the future. They believed that a watershed protected by a growth of trees or underbrush was of more service to a region than a watershed stripped of all covering. Tree shade prevented excessive evaporation of soil moisture, and a leaf litter acted as a sponge on the ground surface, holding the water.

Frequent fires years previously had devastated many areas. In an attempt to restore the old wooded appearance of the mountains and to promote water conservation, the forestry department decided to establish in Santa Barbara County the second tree planting station to be allowed in the



Treeless mountain area

S.B. Historical Society





Eucalypts were to augment native trees

S.B. Historical Society

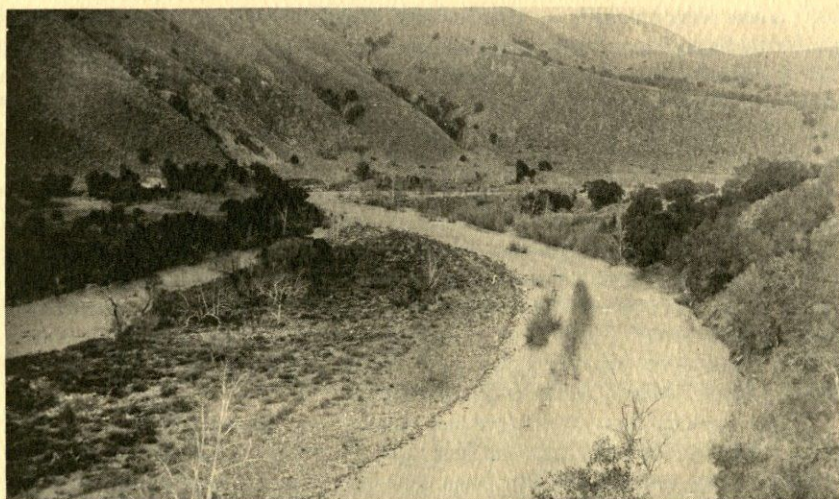
California Reserve. The first station had been operated successfully in the San Gabriel Reserve. There were other national nurseries in Idaho and Utah.

George W. Peavy of the Bureau of Forestry, U.S. Department of Agriculture, arrived in March, 1905, with several experts to select the proper location for a station, at an altitude of from 1500 to 2000 feet above the sea, accessible to the city and mountains, and with proper soil and an ample water supply. The site selected was on the Patrick Kinevan ranch, near the San Marcos Pass, in the Santa Ynez Mountains. One acre of land was cleared for the erection of hothouses and out-of-door gardens. It was about 2000 feet above sea level, and was on the edge of the San Jose Creek, below the Kinevan olive orchard. Under terms of the lease, Kinevan supplied water for the foresters.

Ground was broken at that station for tree planting March 26, 1905. A lath house forty-eight by one hundred and twenty feet, protected the seedling pines until they were a year old. The report in May, 1907, stated that more than 200,000 young pines had been brought up to their second year, and were ready to transplant into the open nursery near the lath house. They would not be planted in the forest until they were fully two years old. Species at first selected were all California trees, big cone spruce, and mostly pines: *pinus attenuata*, Coulter, Torrey and Jeffrey. The season's planting included Cedar *Librocedrus*, considered particularly valuable along water courses. Later, several varieties of more hardy eucalyptus were tried.

Since this was only the second nursery in California, government officials watched it closely. Several newspaper stories publicized this project in the Santa Barbara forest. At that time it was said that the Bureau of Forestry had 10,000,000 trees under its control, and it intended to increase the number of trees to preserve the water basin of the Santa Ynez River.





Barren Hills along Santa Ynez River

Stella Rouse

In July, 1907, the Morning Press announced that the government tree planting project was to be moved from the Kinevan ranch to a better equipped station in Los Padres country, at a place known as Muzzall's camp, about ten miles below the portal of the city water tunnel on the upper Santa Ynez River. It was being moved from leased land to a site within the reserve. That location was also better adapted to the work, it was said, for there were several acres of tillable land, and river water was available for irrigation. The nursery was nearer to the heart of the reforestation project, and there would be less distance required for transportation of nursery stock when it was to be set out.

There would be a seed bed half an acre in extent, and about two and one-half acres for transplanting beds, making possible a total output of half a million trees yearly. With this large operation, surplus trees might be sent to other western forest reserves. There were then 250,000 trees in the old nursery transplanting beds at the San Marcos station, and about 175,000 others sprouting in the lath houses. They would be moved gradually to the new site.

By that time the government had been experimenting to a degree with eucalyptus species in California forests, where danger of frost was slight. Foresters had found that young pine trees were blighted by frost after they were set out, and lack of water in dry years checked their growth. In addition, rabbits and wood rats sometimes ate the young trees, but foresters who had hoped that eucalypti would solve the problem had been disappointed.

On October 14, 1909, the Independent announced that the Forestry Service was bringing an employee of the South African staff of the British Civil Service here to give advice on eucalyptus planting. The tree was a native of Australia, but had been propagated successfully in Africa, with a very similar climate. Of the 600 species and varieties of eucalyptus grown,



only a few were suitable for fine lumber, and the "blue gum" or eucalyptus globulus first planted here was not one of them, although it was promoted for railroad ties and wharf piling. One kind used in Australia for shipbuilding was not thrifty here. J.M. Grant, the new advisor, announced that he would carefully select soil and environment. He would not plant blue gums, which produced poor lumber, but would plant iron bark varieties. He was expecting that the resulting groves would be "of great commercial value" when they matured and were used.

Fourteen boys transplanted over 100,000 young trees at Los Prietos nursery in a little more than two weeks of their summer vacation in mid-June, 1910. They were reported to be enjoying themselves immensely in their leisure time. They were sleeping on piles of hay, and "one bunch found themselves taking a joy ride in the middle of the night, a team having been hitched to their particular bed."

There were taking small trees out of boxes and transplanting them into pots, ready for the field after the first rain. There were 25,000 eucalypts, and 100,000 pines and cedars. The boys were handling between eight and nine thousand trees a day. The work also included preparation of the soil that was used in the pots. The boys expected to return home soon, walking by way of the tunnel trail. They were having a fine outing and earning money at the same time. According to a forester, the boys with their nimble fingers did better work than men, and at that busy season of the year men were very difficult to secure, anyway.

Later in 1910 there was a new forestry chief, who decided to abandon tree planting on the Santa Barbara watershed contiguous to reservoir sites in and around the Mono and Gibralter districts. The new plan was to go farther inland. At that time there was a Blue Canyon planting station, considered ideal, in the Santa Ynez range. While the former director, Gifford Pinchot, believed in planting trees in the brushy districts of the National Forest, Chief Forester Graves thought that planting trees in the timbered belt was more practical. Under the new policy, foresters expected that nurseries then in Nordhoff Canyon and Blue Canyon would not be continued, and that Los Prietos might be doomed to only a few years' existence.



Tourists among sparse shrubbery

S.B. Historical Society



## MUSEUM NOTES

## NEW EXHIBITS

Several recent exhibits have been especially well received by visitors to the Museum. The early Santa Barbara artists' etchings and aquatints were popular, and the Coiner exhibit, with its souvenirs of that Virginia family's migration to California, has also attracted a great deal of favorable attention and comment.

Perhaps one of the most interesting exhibits this year has been the Civil War display which went up right after publication in the last *Noticias* of Stella Rouse's fascinating account of Santa Barbara's little band of Civil War volunteers. The young bugler of the troop, whose uniform is shown, was Rafael Pico, a relative of Jose Maria Covarrubias. The uniform was given to the Historical Society by Iris Covarrubias, remembered here as a longtime County Recorder.

An exhibit featuring three elegant black gowns of the 1860-70 period tied in with the Civil War theme. Two were from the Museum's costume collection, donated to the Society by Mrs. C.E. Moulson and Mrs. John Eliot Shaw, and the third came from Fernald House.

Also of interest in this display was a beautiful hand-painted china chocolate set and a tea set, gifts of Mabel Sylvester Bush.

Identifying the subject of a period portrait in this exhibit setting presented a challenge to the Museum staffers. Information about the man named on it, John C. Bell, eluded all but Museum Director Sylvia Griffiths, who searched and found that he was indeed John C. and not John S., a name easily located in the records. Mrs. Griffiths uncovered the fact that John C. Bell, a resident of El Dorado, served in the California senate and died of gunshot and knife wounds inflicted in April, 1860, by an irate citizen displeased with Bell's stand on a bill to create Marshall County! When this story emerged, the staff concluded that the black dresses were appropriate, and that the ladies could have been in mourning for the handsome man in the portrait.

A special Bicentennial exhibit featuring Santa Barbara's original bell is being presented at the museum from December, 1981 through April, 1982. It is loaned by Santa Barbara Heritage.

## GETTY MUSEUM TOUR

A beautiful day and excellent planning combined to make the Museum's fall tour to the Getty Museum in Malibu a truly outstanding experience for the 40 passengers who filled the comfortable charter bus. The day was perfect—warm and sunny. Coffee and "danish" were served aboard for those who had skipped breakfast to scramble into their seats for the 9 a.m. departure, and we glided into Getty garden parking palace in what seemed like no time at all.

There were excellent docents (one an assistant curator of the Greek and Roman antiquities) and just the right amount of time for independent exploring of this magnificent Museum and its breathtaking treasures.

We even saw a short movie in which the late J. Paul Getty explained his interests in art and drew some chuckles when he described his financial condition as "comfortable."

A delicious beef stroganoff luncheon was served to the group in the private Garden Room, and after we had feasted our eyes on more classical art and French decorative furniture, we boarded the bus for home, arriving on the dot, as scheduled, at exactly 5:30 p.m.



### DOCENT TRAINING

The new docent training program is proceeding on Wednesday mornings at the Covarrubias Adobe with lectures, homework review, research assignments and field trips. In the spring the following "students" will graduate and be ready to conduct tours of the Museum and nearby historical sites: Mary Stanley, Jean Harris, Nanou Willock, Julie Villa, Ellie Pilgram, Maricel Howel, Nancy Guglielmo, Nancy Richardson, and Ralph Romero.

Jean Goodrich is president of the Interpreter-Guides Council and Jan Potter and Anna Sweeney are education chairman.

### ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

The Museum's Oral History Program, under the direction of Dr. Marian Ashby Johnson, has sent its first class of eight trained volunteer interviewers into the field and they are bringing back tape recorded conversations that give an exciting new dimension to our regional history.

Among those interviewed have been George Castagnola, Rosario Curletti, Anna Lincoln Ellis, Alex D'Alfonso, Louise Ardohain, Wiley Cole, Eileen Dismuke, Shirley Connor and Mildred Moody.

Interviewers who have completed the training under Dr. Johnson are: Geraldine Sahyun, Ruth Pelch, June O'Neil, Nancy De L'Arbre, Elaine Griscom, Florence Corder-Witter, Virginia D'Alfonso and Patricia Cleek.

### A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

In the late summer, the Museum was visited by Donald Streeter, known to many as the dean of American blacksmiths. We were informed of his visit by Dimitri Gerakaris, editor of an attractive magazine, *The Anvil's Ring*, to which Mr. Streeter contributed an article and photographs describing the old anchor displayed in our Museum courtyard.

Mr. Streeter wrote, "Either the anchor is very ancient, or the technique of Diderot persisted well into later times . . ." Museum records show only that the anchor came from the ship *Aggie*, of Norwegian registry, wrecked off Santa Rosa Island in 1915.

### TOUR GUIDE VOLUNTEERS

Would you like to "live in the past" on a Sunday afternoon? You have the opportunity to do so occasionally by hosting exhibits at Fernald House and Trussell-Winchester Adobe on Sunday afternoon from 2 to 4 p.m. If you can possibly volunteer for tour guide duties at these two beautiful old homes, 414 W. Montecito Street, please telephone Mrs. J. Walter Collinge, 965-2561.



## NEW MEMBERS

### ACTIVE

Mr. David S. Bisol  
Mr. Robert A. Burgess  
Mrs. Cabot Daniels  
Mrs. Helen K. Deuter  
Miss Adrienne Fredrickson  
Miss Johanna Graiden  
Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Hoskins  
Mr. Brian Kennedy  
Mr. and Mrs. David McCoy  
Mr. Harry Morlan

Mr. Carleton E. Mott  
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Northrup  
Mr. William Rea, Jr.  
Mrs. William Rea, Jr.  
Mr. and Mrs. Brooke E. Sawyer, Jr.  
Mrs. Gwendolyn D. Smith  
Mrs. Margaret H. Smith  
Mr. Arthur Sylvester  
Mrs. Beverly Thielicke  
Miss Bertha Zackrison

### SUSTAINING

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew D. Carpenter  
Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe  
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